

*Safety Area — "Triplex" ALL ROUND*

# COUNTRY LIFE

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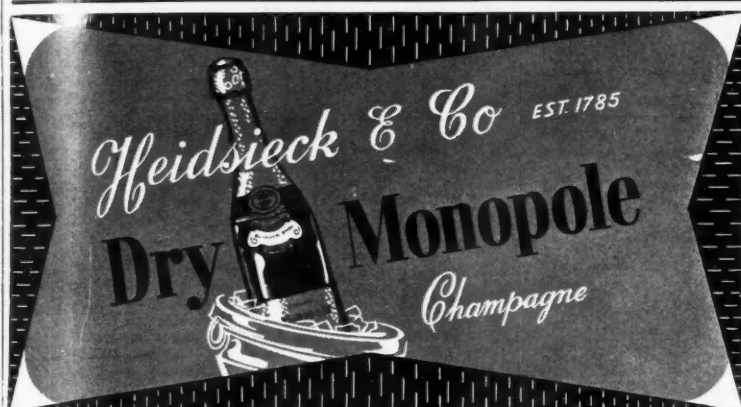
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## MISCELLANEOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS

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Advertisements for this column are accepted AT THE RATE OF 2D. PER WORD prepaid (if Box Number used 9d. extra), and must reach this office not later than Friday morning for the coming week's issue.

All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "COUNTRY LIFE," Southampton Street, Strand, London.

**FURS** that have not been tortured in traps. Ask for List from Major VAN DER BYL, Wapenham, Towcester.

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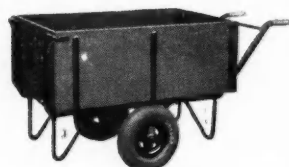
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Leading Hotel. Running Water.  
Facing Own Gardens. Very Quiet.  
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# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN COUNTRY LIFE  
AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

VOL. LXXXVIII. No. 2284.

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at entrance.

Lounge hall, 3 reception  
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PLEASURE GARDENS,  
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The whole Estate is surrounded by road and approached by a drive. 2 halls, 4 reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms.



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Cottage and 3 villas.

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Tennis and croquet lawn,  
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#### ATTRACTIVE OLD-FASHIONED COUNTRY RESIDENCE

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144 ACRES

LOUNGE HALL, 3 RECEPTION ROOMS, BILLIARD ROOM, KITCHEN WITH "AGA" COOKER, 10 BEDROOMS, 2 BATHROOMS.

#### DELIGHTFUL OLD GROUNDS

2 COTTAGES

HOME FARM WITH USEFUL BUILDINGS.

MEADOWLAND AND A LITTLE WOODLAND.

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WITH 144 ACRES OR 58 ACRES.

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FIRST-CLASS FEEDING FARM OF 230 ACRES

NICE RESIDENCE.

USEFUL SET OF BUILDINGS. 3 COTTAGES.

Rich grass. Long river frontage.

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In perfect order.

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standing high, on gravel, facing south and commanding views.

Reception hall.  
Dining room.  
Drawing room.  
Study, cloakroom and offices, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Garage for 2 cars.  
Gardener's cottage.

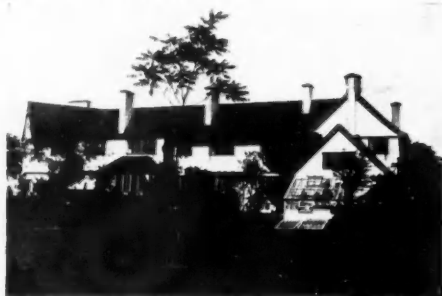
Electric light and power.

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Company's water.

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1-MILE VILLAGE. 3½ MILES WOKING.

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300ft. above sea level.

Sitting hall, dining room, lounge (23ft. by 18ft.), study, cloakroom and w.c. and excellent offices, 7 bedrooms (1 23ft. by 18ft.), 2 bathrooms.

GARAGE FOR 2 CARS. STABLING FOR 2. AIR RAID SHELTER TO HOLD 8 PEOPLE.

Main electric light, water and drainage.

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Company's water.

Central heating.

Constant hot water.

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WELL MODERNISED

#### GEORGIAN COUNTRY HOUSE

20 BEDROOMS, 7 BATHROOMS,  
HALL

and 4 RECEPTION ROOMS.

Electric light. Central heating.  
Ample water supply.

STABLING AND GARAGES.



WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS

with walled kitchen garden.

TROUT-FISHING.

Shooting on large estate if required.

The RESIDENCE with the GROUNDS is

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1½ or 2½ Acres. Freehold for Sale.

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Brick and Tile Residence (part antique), situate in a favourite part of the county, facing South-West, approached by a drive with entrance lodge. Panelled hall, 3 reception, 7 or 9 bed, 2 bathrooms. Central heating. Co.'s electricity, gas and water. 2 Garages with room, 5-roomed Cottage. Well laid-out Gardens.

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Vacant Possession on Completion of Purchase, or could readily be Let to form attractive Investment. For Sale Freehold.

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About 55 Acres (further 20 Acres could be rented). For Sale.

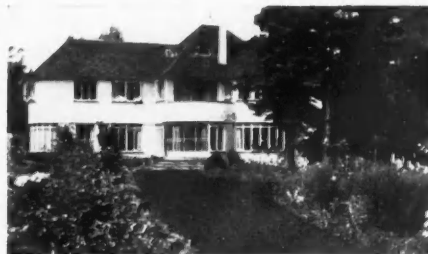
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Stone-built Residence occupying a delightful situation on high ground with views over the Wye Valley; hall, 3 reception, 8 principal bed, 3 bathrooms; central heating, electricity, ample water, modern drainage. Stabling. Garage. Farmery. Lodge, cottage. Well-timbered gardens, terrace, lawn, parkland, riverside meadows and pasture orcharding.

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Adjoining a Common 500ft. up. Facing South.

A Unique Modern Residence in a secluded position, and approached by a drive. Hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Central heating. Company's electricity and water. Modern drainage. Garage for 2 cars. Attractively laid-out Gardens, including lawns, grass tennis-court, fruit and vegetable gardens. Woodland.



For Sale with 4 Acres

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With fine views across the Severn Vale to the Cotswolds.

Attractive House, substantially built of brick with stone-tiled roof; 2 reception, 2 sun parlours, 7 bed, 3 bathrooms. Central heating. Electricity. Main water and gas. Garage. Outbuildings. Beautiful well-stocked gardens, with a Swiss Chalet set in a water garden and a broad balcony. Orchard and vegetable garden.



About 4 Acres.

To be Sold Freehold.

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Close to a village green. A miniature Country Property of 14 Acres.

Inexpensive to maintain and in perfect order.

Well-built RESIDENCE, with 4 reception rooms, 5 best bed, 3 or more secondary and servants' rooms, 2 bathrooms. Co.'s electricity and water.

Well-timbered gardens and grounds with fine old yews; tennis lawn; pasture and woodland; cottage, garage, stabling. Golf at Forest Row.

Price £3,900. For Sale Freehold. Would be Let.

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Attractive brick and tile Residence, in lovely setting; hall, 3 reception, billiard room, 11 bed, 3 bathrooms; Co.'s electricity and water, central heating, modern drainage.

Stabling. Garage. Cottages. Well-matured gardens, tennis lawn, woodland.

Over 26 Acres

For Sale at a Tempting Price.

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FOR SALE FREEHOLD

AT MODERATE PRICE.

### CHARMING GEORGIAN COUNTRY HOUSE

approached by drive with Entrance Lodge.

LOUNGE, 3 RECEPTION ROOMS, 8 BEDROOMS, 3 BATHROOMS, COMPLETE OFFICES, CLOAKROOM, Etc.

Central heating. Co.'s water. Own electric light. Modern drainage.

GARAGES for 3-4 cars. STABLING.

MOST ATTRACTIVE GARDENS AND GROUNDS.

Tennis lawn, walled kitchen garden, wood and grassland; in all about

28 ACRES

STRONGLY RECOMMENDED FROM PERSONAL INSPECTION.

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FAVOURITE RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT.

## BERKSHIRE

ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD ESTATE OF 143 ACRES.



Old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing high on Southern slope, commanding extensive views. Lounge hall, 3 reception, music room, 10 bedrooms, 2 baths, offices with servants' hall.

Co.'s water. Electric light. Central heating. Garages. 2 Cottages. Outbuildings. Delightful but inexpensive Gardens and Grounds, about 30 acres valuable woodlands. (Home Farm and meadowland let.)

TO BE SOLD AS A WHOLE OR WOULD DIVIDE

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## SOUTH DEVON

750ft. up in unique setting.

TO BE LET FURNISHED

### A BEAUTIFUL MODERN RESIDENCE

Well designed and planned with the principal rooms enjoying

Sunny aspect and Sea Views.

Hall, dining room, study, morning room, spacious sitting room, 3 principal and 4 staff bedrooms, nurseries, bathrooms and offices.

Central Heating. Co.'s water. Electric light.

Squash Court. Swimming pool.

Garage. Cottage. Well wooded Grounds of about 4½ ACRES.

Rough Shooting over about 2,000 Acres available.

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BRANCH OFFICE: HIGH STREET, WIMBLEDON COMMON (Phone: WIM. 0081).



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(Central 9344) E.C.4 AUCTIONEERS. CHARTERED SURVEYORS. LAND AGENTS (Regent 5681)

W.1

Telegraphic Address: FAREBROTHER, LONDON.



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4½ MILES FROM THE COUNTY TOWN.

### AN IMPOSING STONE-BUILT GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

400ft. up, enjoying beautiful views.

Entrance and lounge halls, 5 reception rooms, 22 bed and dressing rooms, 8 bath rooms. Semi-basement offices, adaptable as an air-raid shelter.

Beautifully fitted with every modern comfort.

Stabling for 18, including 14 loose boxes; 3 men's rooms, suitable for adaptation as offices; garage; entrance lodge; 6 cottages, capable of providing additional accommodation for emergency use.

Valuable Farms.

ABOUT 750 ACRES  
FOR SALE FREEHOLD.

The Mansion might be Sold with a smaller area if desired, and vacant possession might be arranged within a month.

The buildings and farms are considered to be in first class order, and have been inspected by the Sole Agents:

Messrs. FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., 26, Dover Street, London, W.1.

## MID-SOMERSET

Stone-built Residence in a favoured district

HALL, 4 RECEPTION ROOMS, 9 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, 2 BATH ROOMS

Main Water. Electric Light. Modern Drainage. Cottage. Stabling. Garage. GARDENS AND PASTURELAND

10 ACRES ONLY £3,250 FREEHOLD  
FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., 26, Dover Street, W.1.

## WILTSHIRE

Within an easy distance of the Downs.

### DELIGHTFUL GEORGIAN HOUSE

Lounge, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, 3 bath rooms; every modern convenience. Stabling. Garage. Nice grounds.

ABOUT 30 ACRES. FOR SALE

FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., 26, Dover Street, W.1.



FOR SALE. IN SAFETY AREA.

### A SUPERB AND SMALL

### XIVth CENTURY HOUSE

Built in Chaucer and Wycliffe days.

TO BE SOLD WITH UNIQUE XVth AND XVth CENTURY FURNITURE.

"The best of its kind and size in England," was the comment by the late Mr. Hudson, of *Country Life*. Situated in glorious country next Duchy of Cornwall property.

FOR HISTORY AND ILLUSTRATIONS, see *Country Life*, of May 10th and 17th, 1924.

Apply F. M.-J., Woodlands Manor, MERE, WILTS

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Estate Agents, Surveyors & Auctioneers,

HAVE

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PROPERTIES

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## OSBORN & MERCER

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

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PICCADILLY, W.1.

### SALOP—CHESHIRE BORDERS

#### BEAUTIFUL ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE WITH CAPITAL DAIRY FARM

#### Long stretch of Trout Fishing



The Residence stands high on sandy soil with southerly aspect, and has about 10 bedrooms, usual reception rooms, etc. Modern conveniences.

**Cottages. Stabling. Splendid range of Farm-buildings.**

Attractive pleasure gardens, parklands, rich, well-watered pastures; in all about

**240 ACRES**

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER.

### Price drastically reduced to ensure early Sale.

#### FINE OLD GEORGIAN HOUSE IN RURAL SURREY.

*Ideal situation with uninterrupted views to Leith Hill and the North Downs.*

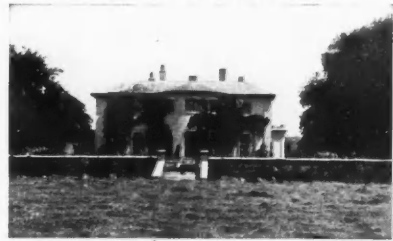
Hall, 4 reception, 7-9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. In first-class order and up to date with main services.

#### 2 COTTAGES.

Delightful pleasure grounds, prolific walled kitchen garden, orchard, parklike meadowland, a stream and 2 large ponds providing excellent coarse fishing; in all about

**22 ACRES**

Inspected by OSBORN and MERCER. (17,099.)



**2 HOURS FROM LONDON.**  
*Famous Game District.*  
**COMPACT AGRICULTURAL ESTATE OF ABOUT 2,000 ACRES**  
Numerous farms and holdings well let and showing excellent return.  
Privately For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER.

**FARM OF 600 ACRES** (mainly grass).  
For Sale in **HEREFORDSHIRE**. Vacant possession.  
**Historical Old House**  
with 9 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, etc.  
**Ample buildings. Several cottages.**  
*Extensive orchards. Trout ponds. Nominal outgoings.*  
Full details from OSBORN & MERCER.

**IN THE FAR WEST COUNTRY**  
*Secluded and am'nt beautiful scenery.*  
**AN ATTRACTIVE HEAVILY WOODED ESTATE OF ABOUT 1,200 ACRES**  
Excellent return from Agricultural portion.  
**FOR SALE FREEHOLD.**  
Details, Plan, etc., from OSBORN & MERCER.

3, MOUNT STREET,  
LONDON, W.1.

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### BERKSHIRE—ADJOINING LARGE ESTATES

*London 30 miles. Electric trains 50 mins.*  
BUILT A FEW YEARS AGO REGARDLESS OF EXPENSE.

#### GEORGIAN STYLE RESIDENCE

*In a quiet and much-sought-after position. 250ft. up. Fine views.*

8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 delightful reception rooms, loggia and first-rate domestic offices.

*All main services. Central heating.*

**GARAGE** for 4 cars.

*The GARDENS are a feature with the minimum of upkeep, stone terraces, lawns, etc.; in all about 4 ACRES.*



#### JUST IN THE MARKET FOR SALE

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### INEXPENSIVE HOUSES FOR SALE

**QUIET BERKSHIRE.**—Lovely old "WREN" HOUSE, in market town midway Oxford and Newbury. **FOR SALE AT LOW PRICE.** 4 sitting rooms, 8 bedrooms, 2 attics, 2 bathrooms. *All main services. Stabling and Garage. Walled Garden just under 1 Acre. 3 extra rooms let and producing £60 p.a. Rates low. IDEAL FOR BUSINESS PREMISES or OTHERWISE.* (12,640.)

**BETWEEN OXFORD AND HENLEY,** slope of Chiltern Hills; fine views. **MODERN HOUSE** of special character, approached by avenue. 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. *Main water and electricity. Central heating. 2 Garages; stabling; chauffeur's room and gardener's cottage. Lovely Gardens, Grass Paddocks, over 30 Acres.* (12,637.)

**HIGH CHILTERN** (convenient for Chesham).—Restored **FARMHOUSE** of great historical interest, with tithe and other barns and secluded grounds of 7 ACRES. 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom. *Period interior. All main services. Garage. Matured Gardens and paddock.* (12,639.)

**ALL THESE ARE SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED by RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.**

### OXFORDSHIRE CHILTERN

15 MILES FROM READING.



**NEARLY 1 ACRE ONLY £3,000 FREEHOLD**  
Confidently recommended by RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

**VERY PLEASING OLD HOUSE**  
of brick and stone, dated A.D. 1713.

*On outskirts of old-world village near picturesque church. On a hill, with fine views. 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.*

**FINE STUDIO** used by celebrated artist. **Garage.**

**Terraced Gardens, lawns.**

### GUILDFORD 3 MILES

MAGNIFICENT VIEWS.



**THIS POSITIVELY UNIQUE HOUSE**  
To be Let Furnished for War duration.

Complete with staff at low rent.

3 reception, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

*Main electricity, water. Central heating.*

**Garages.**

Really pretty Gardens, stone terraces, lawns, etc., 4 ACRES.

#### ADJACENT TO NATIONAL TRUST LAND

A splendid opportunity specially recommended by RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

Telephone:  
Grosvenor 2252  
(6 lines)

## CONSTABLE & MAUDE

2, MOUNT STREET, LONDON, W.1

### CAPITAL FARM INVESTMENT IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE

**FARM OF 200 ACRES**

*in a ring fence*

**STONE-BUILT FARMHOUSE**

with 5-8 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 sitting rooms.

**Modern Farm Buildings.**

**LET ON AN ANNUAL TENANCY.**

**TO BE SOLD**

Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

### ON THE BORDERS OF NORTHANTS AND WARWICKSHIRE

**FOR SALE AS AN INVESTMENT**

**AN EXCELLENT FARM**

within easy reach of important centre, and Farm-house with 8 rooms, etc.

**GOOD OUTBUILDINGS. 2 CAPITAL COTTAGES.**

**LAND COMPRISES 180 ACRES**

(MAINLY PASTURE).

Apply CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

### SUSSEX FARM BARGAIN

*Excellent dairy holding of*

**162 ACRES**

*the subject of considerable expenditure.*

*Picturesque old farm house with 3 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms, kitchen, larder, etc.*

**Garage. Capital Cottage.**

*Excellent farmbuildings. Valuable road frontages.*

**PRICE £4,250**

Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

### HERTS

*Within 40 minutes of London.*

**FINE OLD GEORGIAN RESIDENCE**

8 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, 3 bathrooms. *Modern conveniences. GARAGE AND STABLES. CHAUFFEUR'S QUARTERS.* The GARDENS are beautifully planned and include hard tennis court; the area in all **10 ACRES**

**TO BE LET UNFURNISHED, OR FREEHOLD MIGHT BE SOLD**

Sole Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

### DEVON

**ACCESSIBLE AND EXCELLENTLY FITTED MANSION**

20 bedrooms, 3 reception and billiards rooms, 3 bathrooms.

**COTTAGES.**

**SPACIOUS OUTBUILDINGS.**

**ABOUT 86 ACRES**

**FREEHOLD FOR SALE**

CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.



# GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

Telephone No.:  
Grosvenor 1553 (4 lines).

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.I.

And at  
Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,  
12, Victoria Street,  
Westminster, S.W.1.

## 33 MINUTES FROM KING'S CROSS IN PERFECT RURAL SURROUNDINGS. 400ft. above sea with a magnificent view.



### FOR SALE

This unusually delightful HOUSE, designed and built by a well known Architect for his own occupation, 9 bedrooms (6, and 3, basins), 3 bathrooms, lounge hall and 3 reception rooms. Central heating. All Co.'s services. STABLES, GARAGE, COTTAGE, WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS and excellent Paddock—in all 7 ACRES. Owner's Agents: GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25 Mount Street, W.I. (C.4700.)

### WANTED

£10,000

WILL BE PAID FOR

### 300 ACRES IN THE FARNHAM DISTRICT OF SURREY

OTHER PARTS WITHIN 60 MILES WEST OF TOWN CONSIDERED.

Possession and a really nice HOUSE with 6 bedrooms and 3 sitting rooms, etc., liked. Suitable buildings and cottages *sine qua non* and, if necessary, somewhat more land would be purchased.

Replies to W.P. (C.60), c/o GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.I.

### IN NORTH BUCKINGHAMSHIRE UP TO 1,000 ACRES

of sound AGRICULTURAL LAND, either *en bloc* or in individual farms. Tenants not disturbed if let, but possession of part for purchaser's occupation preferred.

Replies to "R.L." (1519), c/o GEORGE TROLLOPE and SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.I.

Quite fresh in the Market.

### HAMPSHIRE

in a very secluded and quiet position in well-timbered country.

#### FOR SALE

A HOUSE OF DISTINCT CHARACTER standing in about 20 ACRES

and containing 12 bed and dressing (h. and c. basins), 3 bath and 4 reception rooms, etc. Co.'s services.

STABLES. GARAGE AND FLAT.

#### Low Price for Quick Sale.

Owner's Agents: GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.I.

### FOR INVESTMENT

Income £340 per annum. No Tithe. Land Tax £18.

PRICE £6,500

FARM OF 290 ACRES WITH FARM HOUSE AND GOOD BUILDINGS.

The land is all pasture, including 30 acres water meadows, and comprises some of the best land in the district.

SIX MILES DORCHESTER.

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.I. (D.7095.)

### ABOUT 1 HOUR'S RAIL OF TOWN

and 38 miles by road.



£6,500.—A MODERN UP-TO-DATE RESIDENCE with 7 principal bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; main electric light and water; garage; lovely wooded grounds; tennis court; kitchen gardens and paddock.

#### FOR SALE WITH ABOUT 7 ACRES

Inspected and highly recommended by GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, London, W.I. (D.1108.)

## WESTERN COUNTIES

NEAR MARKET TOWN.



### ARCHITECT-BUILT RESIDENCE

3 reception. Study. 5 bed and dressing. 3 baths. Main electric light and water, modern drainage, central heating.

DOUBLE GARAGE. 2 ACRES OF GROUND

#### FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Particulars of GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.I. (C.7071.)

## IN GLORIOUS WEST SUSSEX

Between Midhurst and Petersfield. In a lovely countryside away from military objectives and commanding a magnificent view.

TO BE SOLD.—An expensively built and thoroughly well-appointed RESIDENCE, containing 7 bed, 3 bath and 3 reception rooms (large), etc. Electricity, central heating, etc.

First-rate garage and lodge; long drive. Inexpensive well-timbered gardens, a small wood, etc. some 17 ACRES in all.

Capital bus service passes. Price, etc., from Owner's Agents, GEORGE TROLLOPE and SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.I. (D.2575.)

## £4,250. WITLEY DISTRICT

Good bus and rail services.

### GENUINE GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

Judiciously and completely modernised. 6 bedrooms (h. and c. basins), 3 reception and maids' sitting room, etc.

Co.'s water. Central Heating. Electricity, etc.

GARAGE, STABLE, and 2 ACRES of matured grounds and small paddock. Owner's Agents: GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.I. (D.1120.)

Also at  
RUGBY,  
BIRMINGHAM,

# JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

44, ST. JAMES'S PLACE, S.W.1. (Regent 0911.)

OXFORD,  
CHIPPING  
NORTON.

## WORCESTER AND HEREFORD BORDERS

Southern aspect; nearly 500ft. above sea level; panoramic views; a really commanding situation, and away from all main road traffic.

A MOST COMFORTABLE COUNTRY RESIDENCE, of the Georgian type and in first-rate order. Spacious hall and 3 sitting rooms, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Electric light and central heating. Garage and stabling. About 15 Acres.

PRICE £4,500.

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 7229.)

### MID-HAMPSHIRE

FOR SALE, OR TO LET FURNISHED.—Charming old FARMHOUSE-RESIDENCE, modernised and well-equipped. High situation; rural surroundings. Excellent sporting district. 3 sitting rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom. Electric light and power. Garage. Would be sold with 16 1/2 Acres, together with Farm Buildings. Also SECONDARY RESIDENCE (let at £110 p.a.). Furniture might be sold.

Thoroughly recommended by JAMES STYLES and WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 15,648.)

## WILTS BORDERS



440 ACRES 2 MILES OF FISHING

One of the most attractive investment propositions in the market at the present time.

The property includes a very nice old FARMHOUSE, with excellent buildings. There are 5 Cottages. Main water and electricity are available.

The estate would, if required, be divided and sold with less land.

Full details on application to JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 14,458A.)

## CENTRAL MIDLANDS

XVIII CENTURY MANOR HOUSE, with 27 1/2 ACRES. 1 mile of Fishing. Bailiff's House and 6 cottages. FOR SALE with VACANT POSSESSION of Manor House and land and some of the cottages. Hall and 3 sitting rooms, 10 bedrooms, bathroom; main electricity and central heating; lovely old gardens, beautifully timbered. Undoubtedly one of the most attractive small estates in the market in this favourite locality. IT IS FOR SALE AT A TIMES PRICE.

Sole Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 11,557.)

## COTSWOLD HILLS

150 ACRES and 1/2 mile Private Trout Fishing PRICE £8,500 (£3,000 left on Mortgage) or £6,500 with smaller area of land.

5 1/2 ft. up. In splendid order. 1/2 mile from main road. Hall and 3 sitting rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom. Main electricity. Excellent building. Stabling and Garage.

### ATTRACTIVE GARDENS.

Land in ring fence; easily worked. JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 17,680.)

TOTTENHAM  
COURT RD., W.I  
(EUSTON 7000)

# MAPLE & CO., LTD.

5, GRAFTON ST.,  
MAYFAIR, W.I  
(REGENT 4685)



### SURREY

Only 10 miles from West End.

### FOR SALE LOW PRICE

The above LOVELY OLD HOUSE, erected in 1650, and having panelled rooms, secret cupboard, and other interesting features—3 reception, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Electric light. Partial central heating.

2 GARAGES, STUDIO, WORKSHOP, Etc.

LOVELY OLD GARDENS OF 3 ACRES  
Fine timber, lawns, Dutch garden, ponds and fountains, stream, kitchen garden.—Recommended by MAPLE & Co.

## EXPERT VALUERS

MODERN AND ANTIQUE FURNITURE,  
PICTURES, SILVER, BOOKS, ETC., FOR  
INSURANCE, PROBATE, FAMILY  
DIVISION

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### CLAIMS FOR WAR DAMAGE

SCHEDULES OF FIXTURES AND FITTINGS.  
MAPLE & Co., as above.



## BEACONSFIELD, BUCKS FOR SALE FREEHOLD

The above very delightful HOUSE and GROUNDS of 1 1/2 ACRES, situated in the best part of this favourite district. It has all modern comforts, central heating, fitted lavatory basins, oak floors, etc.

Hall, fine drawing room, dining room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms. GARAGES.

Gardens include hard tennis court, and open on to beautiful woodland in rear.

Recommended by Sole Agents: MAPLE & Co., 5, Grafton Street, Old Bond Street, W.I.

5, MOUNT STREET,  
LONDON, W.1.

## CURTIS & HENSON

### WEST SUSSEX

Telephones:  
Grosvenor 3131 (3 lines).  
ESTABLISHED 1875.

An exceptional opportunity of  
securing a Property in the  
most favoured part of Sussex.

10 BEDROOMS.  
2 BATHROOMS.  
4 RECEPTION ROOMS.

MODERN DOMESTIC OFFICES  
with servants' hall.

Co.'s Electric Light and Water.

Modern Drainage.

Central Heating.



GARAGE FOR 3 CARS,  
with Flat over.  
STABLING FOR 3 HORSES.  
EXCELLENT COTTAGE.

Attractive yet inexpensive  
Gardens.

Fine old trees and tennis lawn. Orchard  
and good Paddocks.

In all

About 10 Acres

FOR SALE FREEHOLD  
at a recently reduced price.  
CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street,  
W.1. (16,489.)

SOMERSET (Yeovil 7 miles).—Attractive STONE-  
BUILT HOUSE with old mullion windows, standing  
in finely timbered grounds. 3-4 reception rooms,  
11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, model offices. Electric  
light; main water. Garage and stabling. Gardener's  
cottage. Charming Gardens and Grounds, interspersed  
with specimen timber trees, walled kitchen garden and  
pastureland; in all about 9½ ACRES. Hunting and  
Golf.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD AT A REDUCED PRICE.  
CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,325.)

ASHDOWN FOREST (350ft. above sea level).  
Picturesque MODERN HOUSE in complete seclusion,  
amidst beautiful woodland and commanding long  
distance views to the South. Approached by a drive  
from private road ½ mile from high road. Lounge,  
dining room, 7 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms. Co.'s electricity  
and water. Garage, studio, garden room, summerhouse.  
Grounds with abundance of flowering shrubs and  
specimen conifer trees; orchard, kitchen garden and  
natural woodland. Tennis court, swimming pool and  
putting green. TO BE LET UNFURNISHED.  
CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (15,823.)

SURREY (Leith Hill District).—Beautifully secluded,  
1 minute from bus route and 1½ miles from Station.  
Unique MODERN HOUSE of character. 4 reception  
rooms, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Main services; central  
heating. Garage for 2 cars and Cottage. Flower garden,  
grass tennis court; fruit and vegetable gardens.  
4 Acres or more.

FOR SALE OR TO BE LET UNFURNISHED.

Apply CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1.  
(15,433A.)

### BEAUTIFUL POSITION NEAR HASLEMERE PERFECTLY APPOINTED MODERN HOUSE IN THE GEORGIAN STYLE



LONDON ABOUT 45 MILES.

#### ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

affording every labour-saving device that modern ingenuity  
can provide.

RECEPTION ROOMS. 10 BEDROOMS.  
8 BATHROOMS.

GARAGE. LODGE.

Central heating; main water and electricity;  
modern drainage.

SECLUDED GROUNDS SCREENED BY FINE  
TREES, WIDE LAWNS, HERBACEOUS BORDERS,  
FORMAL GARDENS, ETC.

IN ALL ABOUT 2½ ACRES.

TO BE LET FURNISHED OR MIGHT BE SOLD FREEHOLD

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'Phone: Grosvenor 2861.  
'Grams: "Cornishmen, London."

## TRESIDDER & CO. 77 SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, W.1.

200 ACRES

£5,000

### COTSWOLD HILLS

9 miles Cheltenham. 1½ miles village.

#### SECLUDED PICTURESQUE COTSWOLD RESIDENCE

3 reception, 2 bathrooms, 7 bedrooms.

Garage. Bailiff's Quarters. Farmbuildings.

#### INEXPENSIVE GROUNDS.

Excellent Arable and Pastureland. No Tithe.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (16,230.)

Inspected and very strongly recommended.

### GUILDFORD & DORKING

(Safe area between); 500ft. up.

#### A MOST ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

Well equipped and easy to run; main water, electricity,  
central heating.

12-14 bedrooms. 4 bathrooms. 5 good-sized reception.  
Garage. Stabling. Lodge. Flat.

Hard and grass tennis courts; swimming pool; very  
charming gardens, kitchen garden, glasshouses, orchard  
and pastureland; 27 ACRES.

VERY REASONABLE PRICE for QUICK SALE

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (19,099.)

£8,000

28 ACRES

### SOMERSET Near Devon and Dorset borders.

750ft. up on Blackdown Hills.

#### PICTURESQUE OLD REGENCY MANOR HOUSE

14 bedrooms. 3 bathrooms.

Lounge hall. Billiards room. 3 reception.

Electric light. Central heating.

Stabling. Garages. Excellent Cottage.

#### LOVELY GROUNDS.

Tennis Courts. Walled Kitchen Garden and Pasture.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (13,596.)

LOW PRICE.

RARE OPPORTUNITY.

1-mile Trout Fishing.

### DEVON

Beautiful part of Dartmoor.

#### CHARMING GRANITE-BUILT HOUSE

4 reception, billiard room, studio, 2 bathrooms, 7 bedrooms.

Electric light. Central heating. Telephone.

Garage, stabling, farmhouse and buildings.

LANDSCAPE GARDENS SLOPING TO RIVER.

Bathing pool. Pasture and arable.

#### 65 ACRES

Land easily let if not wanted.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (17,052.)

£4,250

GREAT SACRIFICE

### 40 MINUTES LONDON

600ft. up. Lovely views. Rural position.

#### MODERN CHARACTER RESIDENCE

Panelled lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 3 bathrooms,

11 bed and dressing rooms.

Wash basins (h. and c.) in main bedrooms.

Main services. Central heating. Telephone.

Garage for 4. 2 Cottages.

#### MOST ATTRACTIVE GROUNDS

Tennis lawn, rock garden, kitchen garden, orchard and

paddock; 5 ACRES

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (13,847.)

FURNISHED, 12-15 GNS. p.w. ACCORDING  
TO PERIOD

### CORNWALL (1½ miles station; mild equable climate).

#### MODERNISED QUEEN ANNE COUNTRY HOUSE

5/6 BED, BATH, 3 RECEPTION.

Electricity. Main drainage.

STABLES. GARAGE for 3.

#### 4 ACRES GARDENS

Tennis court; paddocks.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (4158.)

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THE ONLY COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED REGISTER.

Price 2/6.

SELECTED LISTS FREE.

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(est. 1884.) EXETER.

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HOLLOWAY, PRICE & CO.,

(ESTABLISHED 1809.) MARKET HARBOROUGH.

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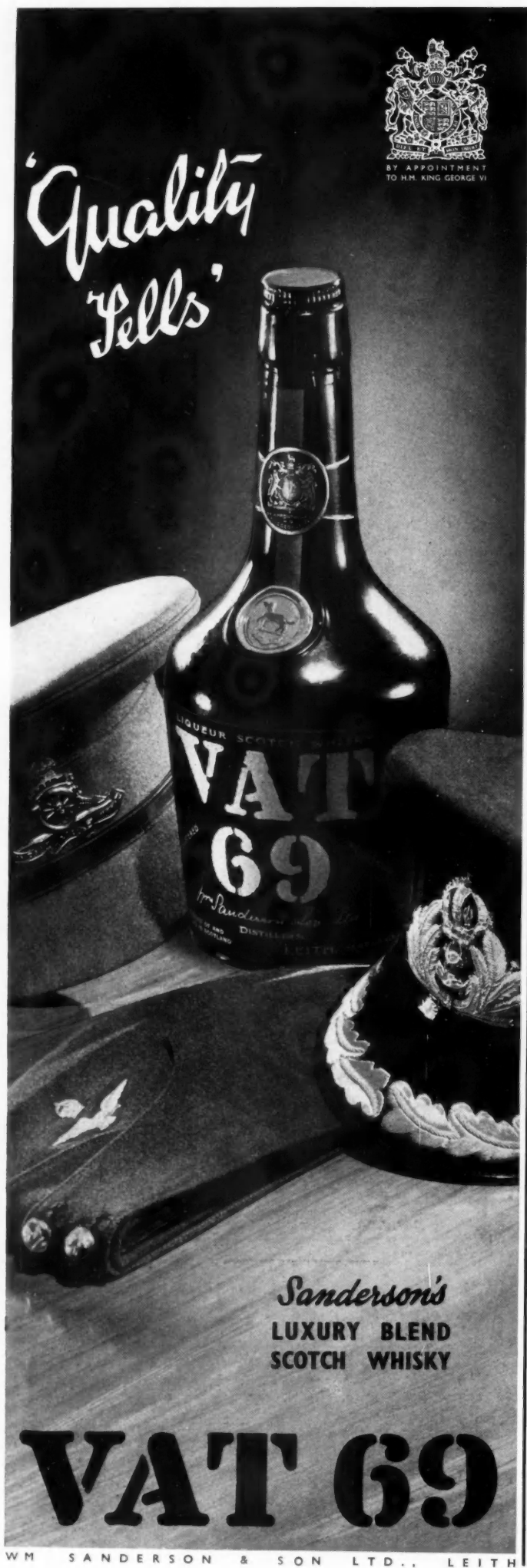
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CONTINUOUS WARMTH DAY AND NIGHT—ALL WINTER

# COUNTRY LIFE

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26th, 1940

Vol. LXXXVIII. No. 2284



*Bassano*

## MISS ELPETH IRONSIDE

Miss Ironside, who is the only daughter of Field-Marshal Sir Edmund Ironside, G.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Lady Ironside, is a Company Assistant, W.A.T.S.

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"Country Life" Crossword No. 561 p. 379.

POSTAL CHARGES.—The Editor reminds correspondents and contributors that any communications requiring a reply must be accompanied by the requisite stamps. Notice is given that MSS. submitted will not be returned unless this condition is complied with.

POSTAGES ON THIS ISSUE: INLAND 2½, CANADA 1½d., ABROAD 2d.

## BOLD FABIAN AND BAD FARMER

MR. BERNARD SHAW'S letter to *The Times* has, as was to be anticipated, not only "drawn" Lord Bledisloe and the scientific investigators, but has given a great deal of innocent delight, not unmingled with amusement, to the farmers (good and bad) who were its real quarry. . . . At least, one supposes they were. Mr. Shaw believes in walking up, and bags his victims as he flushes them from the hedge bottom—so that one never can tell! He certainly has flushed Lord Bledisloe, whom you could never have imagined, in the old cheerful days in the House of Commons, being irradiated by that "blend of humour, sagacity and Fabian philosophy" which he now finds characteristic of Mr. Shaw. However, there is no doubt about it to-day; and Lord Bledisloe heartily endorses G. B. S.'s criticism of our British rural economy, though not, be it understood, his plan for its amendment. There is no need to recapitulate the details of Mr. Shaw's indictment. Lord Bledisloe agrees that "the steady and pathetic deterioration of English farming and English farms has been due largely to the lack of intellectual, vocational and industrial competence of the average English farmer," which Sir John Russell, however, forcibly denies, though neither agree with the remedy proposed by Mr. Shaw. This is the economic association with the English farmer of "several partners who are experts in the scientific and commercial departments for which he has no time" under a collective system operated by the Government. Lord Bledisloe sees a better plan in dealing with what, he confesses, are a tribe of incorrigible individualists. "Despairing as I do," he says (after forty years of relatively unproductive propaganda), "of the efficacy of the latter medium of enlightenment among our ultra-individualistic farming community, I strongly advocate the establishment here of State-appointed local *agronomes* (as on the Continent), or district commissioners, with the right, and the duty, of periodical entry upon, and inspection of, every single farm in this country, and appropriate penalisation of those who systematically and continuously ignore their direction, guidance, and advice—to the national detriment. The public expenditure thus involved would repay the nation handsomely in its results—much more handsomely than some of the thousands of subordinate Civil servants now crowding the corridors of various Government Departments." Other correspondents largely support this idea of a greater measure of State control and advice for farmers. Lord Noel-Buxton aptly quotes the policy of the Agriculture Act of 1920 (repealed in the following year) and largely revived by the present procedure, by which the State assumes the functions formerly exercised by enlightened landowners before the days of death duties. So long as landowners are not only enlightened but possess the use of the necessary capital, our farmers and our farming system are well adapted to the nature of our land and people. And when, as Mr. Bernard Crisp wisely says, we get a really sound long-term agricultural policy, we shall hear no more of the want of working capital nor of the outcry against bad farming.

State direction of agriculture, as distinct from collectivisation or nationalisation, is already with us, and a permanent framework can easily be developed out of the present system of local agricultural executive committees. Besides Lord Bledisloe, Mr. Shaw's quarry included Sir George Stapledon, who, it must be confessed, hardly rises to the occasion. He brings us back, it is true, with a hard bump to the thistles and gorses of our native heath, but in doing so rather confuses the issue. The opportunities—in theory, at any rate—for reclama-

tion of the Stapledon type are, no doubt, only limited by the area of lands already cultivated or required for certain other purposes. But we cannot cultivate in theory; and it is the organisation and control of the human surroundings and human material in and with which we must work that is the subject of the present potholer. Nobody doubts that Professor Stapledon could, if presented with unlimited seeds, excavators, tractors, ploughs, and Scottish mountains, make the Grampians blossom like Cahn Hill, but would they fit in the picture of what is humanly feasible at the present day? "Don't bother about Russia!" he says to Mr. Shaw, and well he may. A system that, so far from enabling Russia to export food, produces, according to credible witnesses, a more or less permanent food shortage, is no pattern to be imitated even by a continent of serfs, still less by a small, intensely farmed island with varied soil and climate and peopled by a race of individualists.

### THE PREMIER AND FARMERS

AT the covert-side, while hounds were working after a litter of cubs, Mr. Lionel Edwards gives us to understand that his farmer neighbour spoke for many others of his kind in expressing a firm conviction that they were not getting a fair deal from the Ministry. "They are not unnaturally suspicious of methods that have led to a glut of pigs on the market in the first case, and now of English meat." It was this feeling that was evidently voiced by the National Farmers' Union to the Prime Minister in a letter, the dispatch of which was of questionable wisdom. The appeal of such a body should be to the House of Commons, where the N.F.U. ought to be sufficiently represented, and not to the Premier. His reply, naturally enough, supported his colleagues, but, while appealing to farmers' patriotism, admitted cause for grievance in some cases. There is no question that the farming community are heart and soul behind the guns; indeed, as Mr. Churchill said, they are in the front line, and glory in it. And it is true, broad and large, that the price levels give a fair average return. A farmer concentrating on wheat and potatoes is doing very well. But this is small comfort to those less happily situated. A scientific food policy stopping down meat production is no help, for example, to the upland farmer who cannot raise the favoured crops. The very fact that Mr. Churchill admitted that the Government's policy "may impose burdens, may even be a call to sacrifice," suggests that it has been realised lately in high places that agricultural policy cannot be based exclusively on scientific food requirements. The claims of husbandry are inexorable and have to be balanced with national needs even in this crucial time.

### GRACE BEFORE MEAT

LORD WOOLTON has revived the good old custom of saying grace before meals which many folk, however lax about it they may have been since childhood, must feel inclined to follow in these times. In the old easy days, gratitude for a meal, at any rate in advance of partaking, seemed at most a quaint survival, and we were inclined to agree with the Cavalier poet,

Long graces do  
But keep good stomachs off that would fall to.

To-day the very fact that ample and varied food, brought from the four corners of the world through untold dangers, or gathered peacefully from our own fields and gardens at the cost of gallant lives elsewhere, fills the heart with gratitude. Lord Woolton's words well express the truth, and we should do well to repeat them: "By the grace of God and the vigilance of the Royal Navy, the courage of the Mercantile Marine, the devotion of dock labourers and transport workers and of food traders, and the patient efforts of the farmers, these good things have been brought to our table, and for these benefits we thank our God." Nor is fish so scarce that the courage of our fishermen should be forgotten!

### SCATTER HIS ENEMIES

A GREAT many people must have been perceptibly cheered of late when the National Anthem was sung on the wireless with the second verse restored to its proper place. Why it was ever left out it is a little hard to say, but it seemed to fall under a ban as being presumably too ferocious. Its words are full of spirit: few persons to-day will disapprove the prayer to "scatter his enemies" and "knaveish tricks" has to-day regained its perfect appositeness as a phrase. It touches the very peaks of poetry as compared with the third verse of an incredible banality, with its rhymes of "laws," "cause" and "voice," which must surely have been written by "the mildest curate going." Now that this old second verse has come back with its fine primitive vigour we may hope that it has come to stay.

### HORSES IN AIR RAIDS

WITH the coming of air raids on towns many believed we should suffer from stampeding horses; hence instruction to tie them to the back wheel. It seems, however, that the tradesman's vanner has adjusted his outlook on our daily visitation even more readily than his master. These sensible animals seem to prefer to be deep in nose-bag while their drivers retire to a shelter, though some have taken exception to being tied to suburban trees, producing broken bridles, halter ropes, and uprooted saplings. It is a maxim with some horses that you can tie them to a manger but nowhere else, and gunfire and bombs do not apparently alter this. Horses, it appears, whether in street or field, have become definitely war-minded, and the case of the horse turned out in a very unhealthy area of Kent is worthy of record. At the first sound of a dog-fight this bay gelding gallops across the field and stands under a hedge; if or when the battle blazes he buries his head in the hedge until all is over. There is, too, the case of some large stables





### HOLLAND HOUSE

Lord Ilchester's historic "Country House" in Kensington, is now only a shell—another victim of indiscriminate incendiary bombing. Built by John Thorpe for Walter Cope in 1610, it was the childhood home of Charles James Fox, and was a famous centre of Whig society a hundred years ago in the time of the last Lord Holland. "The time is coming," wrote Macaulay in 1841, "when perhaps a few old men will in vain seek . . . The favourite resort of arts and beauties, painters, poets, scholars, philosophers and statesmen." Though Progress stayed its hand the Nazis have at last fulfilled the prophecy.

In London where, in pre-war days, the neighbours were seldom without the sound of restless stamping at night. Now, during raids, no sound is heard. It is said that the nondescripts of Covent Garden never raise their nose-bags from the cobble-stones; or, if sleeping, wake. On the outskirts of a town in Essex, on a lovely early autumn afternoon, a gymkhana was badly disturbed by a first-class dog-fight overhead and all proceedings were temporarily suspended. It was observed, however, that the rival machine-guns were far less disturbing to the equine competitors than the flies. The horse has always been credited with a highly strung temperament, and this can hardly be disputed. Then why his present-day indifference to the truly alarming noises which are the lot of town and country dweller? The answer seems to lie in those remarkable equine qualities that, whether due to greater or less sagacity than other animals, have made the horse an even better friend of man in war than in peace.

### PLANTING FOR THE MIND

AFTER the first year's "Grow More" campaign, most gardeners are now taking stock of the results and making their long-term plans for the spring offensive. It remains for many of them to find out from winter's experience to what extent they have made themselves self-supporting in vegetables and what local demand there will be for any surplus. If expansion of the vegetable garden is necessary, remaining waste corners will have to be brought into cultivation, and more space, hitherto given to flowers, may have to go. Yet, as an old gardener remarked the other day, even in war-time one must plant for the mind as well as for the body; indeed, the aesthetic function of gardens is nearly as important, as a relief to nervous strain, as its physical yield. In the dark days of last summer, what a blessed escape lay in a few roses and hardy border friends! And it looks as though the daffodils and tulips and all the other groundlings of Spring will be more eagerly awaited and welcomed than usual after this winter. The very act of spending a few shillings on bulbs now is justifiable if only as a spiritual exercise, an act of faith, an affirmation of confidence, when a plan for the morrow needs to be qualified with the caution of a Quaker.

### AGE

Once he was young and full of frolic ease,  
Each beauty, flesh or grass, seemed sure to be  
Starred symbols of eternal loveliness,  
And every country smell and surge of wind  
Stirred a small pebble in his stream of life.  
Now lies his spirit, barnacled, careened,  
Unmoved when the slow swinging seasons pass  
And pass again before in unpassioned eyes.  
Once, soul and body, he was part of them,  
Now, in a clarity of antique calm  
He waits and watches, all the barriers down.

G. H. V. L.

### RECREATION FOR THE TROOPS

DURING their long watch in France for the first six months of the war, tedium was the chief enemy that the B.E.F. was called upon to fight. In the past few weeks he has begun to put in an appearance again over here, in the continued absence, for reasons well known in sports across the Channel, of any more substantial invaders. Without taxation troops cannot remain perpetually keyed up to the same pitch of alertness, and as the strenuousness of defence preparations has grown so intense, the need for opportunities of recreation has correspondingly increased. In this respect the army of Britain is far better off than was the B.E.F., though some units are more fortunate than others. The detachments have to make do with what they can find, but there

can be few, if any, that have not been able to discover some sort of field for kicking a ball about, while in most localities there are plenty of offers of pitches and tennis courts. The position of the searchlight units is often the most difficult because of their isolation. For them special arrangements have had to be made, including the provision of three-week "refresher" courses in physical and recreational training. Our overseas units also have their particular needs and preferences—the "Aussies" a cricket pitch, the Canadians somewhere to play baseball; the New Zealanders, a large proportion of whom are farmers, are never happier than when they are allowed to be helping in the fields. In peace-time the cost of renting and maintaining sports grounds has chiefly to be borne by subscriptions, but since the War Office recently made itself responsible for the charges incurred, what was sometimes a cause for "grousing" among the less athletically inclined has been removed.

## A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

Peregrines and Pigeons—Rhododendron Problems—Broody Hens—Martial Law

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS.

I READ that the edict has gone forth putting the peregrine falcon "on the spot," or, in other words, removing him from the list of British protected birds, on the strength of which he has been having a very safe and comfortable time for many years. The complaint against the peregrine is that he has been inflicting severe losses on the homing pigeons employed by the Royal Air Force, and this complaint no doubt is based on very good grounds. The peregrine population of southern England is not very great, but I know they exist on the South Dorset coast and on the Isle of Wight, and apparently there are some who nest in Sussex and Kentish cliffs. One active pair could cause quite considerable casualties among important messengers, for the peregrine appears to have a poor palate and prefers pigeons to either partridges or grouse. Both the rock and wood pigeon are past masters in the art of evading the peregrine's swoop, but the poor old carrier pigeon, putting duty first and safety second, goes plodding straight ahead and is an easy mark for this swift-flying falcon.

In the early days of our desert administration in Egypt we endeavoured to maintain a pigeon service, fired by the example of Saladin, who, history reports, maintained communications between Damascus, Aleppo and Cairo when all Palestine, Syria and Trans-Jordan were in the hands of the Crusaders. Owing to raids by peregrines and other desert falcons our service was a failure and was ultimately scrapped, but personally I was sorry when our pigeons went, as they provided an ever-present stimulant to laughter on depressing desert days, for headquarters took carrier pigeons very seriously long after the outposts had discarded them as far too difficult and too expensive to maintain. There were many good stories of Headquarters fatuity and out-station stupidity concerning pigeons, due chiefly to the fact that no one really understood them. I think the best of them was that of an Egyptian officer in a far-flung oasis, who was sent two dozen birds with underlined instructions that, as they were very young, they were on no account to be allowed to breed. Two months after he received them he reported the arrival of eight young birds, and despite telegrams and letters he continued to announce the arrival of nestlings month after month, and nothing, not even threats of dismissal, would stop him from breeding. Then the order went forth that as the birds were old enough they were to be encouraged to breed as fast as they could, and that had the required effect on the rebel oasis. The commandant at once replied indignantly that he could not possibly breed birds as no breeding-boxes had been sent to him, and complete sterility set in. I hope that nobody asks me to explain all this, because, like so many things that happen east of Suez, there is no explanation.

A LITTLE while ago I enlisted the help of COUNTRY LIFE readers to throw some light on charcoal-burning and its possibilities, and the result was some most informative articles on the subject. Now a correspondent has written to ask if anyone can make suggestions as to a practical method of clearing woods of dense rhododendron growth inexpensively—in other words, has rhododendron wood any value that will compensate for the enormous labour of clearing it? All that I know of the subject is that I attempted to clear a very small area on my own land, and it struck me, after four hours' extremely hard labour, that a wood that has all the resilience of rubber combined with the hardness of mahogany or teak should possess some more useful qualities than the power to break tools and produce blisters on one's hands.

The rhododendron is supposed to provide excellent game cover, but the drawback in some cases is that the cover becomes so excellent and so impenetrable that it is practically impossible to get the game to come out of it. A queer bush is the rhododendron, for in some parts of England one sees pathetic and unsuccessful attempts to grow it where the trees, despite manure and every attention, remain the same size for years and years, while in others it has taken such a firm hold and is spreading to such an extent that it constitutes a menace to tree plantations. Luckily, it is so particular about the soil in which it will thrive that there is no risk of this imported alien becoming a national problem, as has the prickly pear in Australia, and the dreaded but beautiful lantana of the East, which one year is a highly decorative hedge and the next is a jungle that requires a gang of coolies to clear it.

THE question of broody hens and the most satisfactory cure for this deterrent to consistent egg-production is one that has been puzzling the best poultry brains for the last fifty years. There are any number of alleged cures from that of our grandmothers' days, which consisted of putting the offending hen into a bucket of cold water, to the more humane and modern method of imprisoning her in a coop with a slat floor. The drawback to the bucket of cold water was that frequently it removed the desire to brood for all time by killing the hen, and the slat-floored cure was only temporary for the hen returned to her evil ways immediately she was released.

An old and experienced poultryman has told me of two methods, which I have not tried but which sound effective. One is to have a small narrow wire run alongside the main chicken enclosure and, if a broody hen is placed in this, she becomes so engrossed in the effort of walking up and down the wire all day in search of a gap to enable her to rejoin the others, that all thoughts of maternity are removed from her small brain. The other method is to place the hen in a run with a very young and immature cockerel, and the sight of strutting male adolescence has such an irritating effect on the grown hen—as it has on some women—that she spends her whole energies on attacking him. The only drawback to this system is that a cockerel, who had been employed for some time as a “One Day Broody Hen Cure,” might develop marked misogynist views and be of no use at all as the Pasha of a harem in the future.

MARTIAL law is one of the things we may have to face in this country if by any chance Hitler's flat-bottomed boats should succeed in landing some men on these shores; but, although it has an ominous sound, it is not nearly so unpleasant as is imagined. On the whole, it is the ordinary civil laws of the land enforced by ordinary policemen, the only difference being that some special laws are passed to meet the occasion and offences against these are dealt with in a military

court. There must be an enormous number of barristers and solicitors serving in the Army to-day, and, these being available, the probability is that, if military courts are necessary, there will be sufficient qualified men to sit on them. It is a moot point, however, if qualified men are really essential, for there is nothing so scrupulously fair as the ordinary court-martial, and the accused person has far more assistance given to him than is the case in a civil court.

At the beginning of the last war, when martial law was proclaimed in Egypt, an old Libyan Arab sheikh went to see the British Governor of the Western Desert and asked: “What is this new *qanoon el askari* (martial law) that is being enforced, *ya Pasha*?”

The Governor explained to him that the Army was now in full charge of affairs, and that any order the General Commander-in-Chief gave must be obeyed instantly.

“But that was always the case, *ya Pasha*.”

“Yes,” said the Governor, “but now his powers are very much greater.”

“Has he the powers of life and death?” asked the sheikh.

“Oh, undoubtedly. In fact,” said the Governor, “if he should see a man walking in the street whose face he did not like, he could order his head to be struck off.”

“By Allah!” said the old sheikh fervently, “but that is a good law and one that all men will understand.”

## CUB-HUNTING, 1940

Written and Illustrated by LIONEL EDWARDS



*Fox-hunting, like a cut diamond, has many facets in peace-time. The financial aspect is usually the one most stressed, as it represents to the national coffers something like four and a half million pounds per annum. In war-time, however, it goes back to its original impecunious and primitive beginning as a method of vermin reduction—which in its early stages almost entirely consisted of digging operations with terriers. Yet Sir Thomas Cockayne in “A Short Treatise on Hunting” (1591) hunted foxes above ground even at that early date, coursing the cubs from covert to covert, from three weeks before St. Bartholomew's Day to the Feast of All Saints, which to this day is our cub-hunting season. In war-time fox-hunting has returned to its primitive beginning, killing the fox taking precedence of all else.*

BRUFF! Bruff! Bruff! barked the A.A. gun. “Oh, damn! Just when I'd got to sleep!” “Just got to sleep?” said the voice from the next bed, “I like that, when you've been snoring like a grampus all night! Anyway, it's time to get up.” “Time to get up?” I said, “Why, it's still dark.” “Well, it's nearly sunrise, and you told me last night you were going cubbing.” “Oh, damn, so I did, and I told Will to have the horse ready at 5.45 a.m.” Reluctantly I got up, for we had all been late to bed, a “Jerry” having crashed in flames in the middle of our dairy herd the previous evening. Strange to relate, in spite of exploding cartridges and roaring flames, they didn't seem much alarmed. The cart-horses in the next field were far more disturbed, and then by the spectators and soldiers, who flashed torches about and shouted to each other, and generally got in each other's way by the burning 'plane. Really, I had no reason to feel irritated as we had got off very lightly, with only about an acre of burnt grass, and one cow slipping her calf. (Since writing the above, two more cows have slipped their calves, so perhaps we haven't got off as easily as we thought!) Lest, however, Lord Haw-Haw should think this was a typical English night under the much-advertised *Blitzkrieg* I might add that, although plenty of wrecked 'planes do litter the countryside, this is the first to disturb our rest, although we are not far from the Channel ports. The only point remarkable is that this “cubbing” morning included a daylight raid, an event that has become increasingly rare since a certain disastrous Thursday for the German Air Force.

However, hacking to the meet in the peculiar, still, clear, cold light of dawn, the peaceful countryside gave no clue that suggested the existence of a major war. The landscape perhaps never looks more beautiful than on a cubbing morning in the freshness of early day, the heavy autumn dew thick on the ground. On a grass-fed horse we loiter on our way, with the result that hounds are already at work in an osier-bed by the river when we arrive. Unfortunately it is blank. The adjoining covert, however, provides a stale line, and before long they have

worked up their fox, who proves to be no cub. As the huntsman remarked: “Big as a bullock he be!” With only one whip (a lady), there is no hope of stopping them, so away they go with a glorious cry, the “Welshmen” among them being particularly vociferous, although it is admitted they would have been equally so with rabbits! In fact, I remember once saying in all innocence to the late Sir Edward Currie, M.F.H., in the kennel coverts near Itton: “What a glorious cry!” His laconic reply was: “Rabbits! You wait till they find a fox!”

Scent always lies best when the ground is moist and the air still cool, which is why it is necessary to start at such an early hour.

Hounds flash out of covert and run a few

fields, giving one the excuse to jump a couple of fences, although really it is still much too hard, and blind. As the sun gets high in the heavens and the day becomes hot, the scent dies, and although they run the line on to the next covert (a small one) and take it out the other side, that finishes, quite rightly, the pursuit of an old fox so early in the season.

So back we go to the original covert to try to find the reported litter, although it is extremely unlikely there will be much scent left even in the thick covert, which the sun's rays have now really begun to penetrate. However, a cub is found, and hounds race after it for a short distance, but the first time the fox turns it reduces the whole affair to funereal speed. As hounds work, speaking



“WHO-WHOOP! ANOTHER GONE TER GROUND. VERY NEAR AS EXCITIN' AS FOX 'UNTIN', SIR!”





### THE FALL OF ICARUS. "OUR DAIRY HERD . . . DIDN'T SEEM MUCH ALARMED"

rather half-heartedly, across the main ride, a siren sounds an air-raid warning, and shortly after a "Jerry" bomber comes "Zoom zoo, zooma zoom zoom" overhead. "Oh, buzz off, Jerry! 'Ow can I 'unt 'ounds with you booming around?" exclaims the exasperated huntsman, more in sorrow than in anger. Mildly amused, I comment on his remarks to my next neighbour, a farmer who evidently hasn't suffered from the so-called blockade of Britain judging by his expansive waistcoat. He remarked: "Did you hear what he said to Master t'other morning? A fortnight come Thursday it would be. There was a raid on and 'Jerries' was coming down like autumn leaves. Ted shouts to Master: 'Who-whoop! Another gone ter ground. Very *near* as excitin' as fox-'untin', sir!'"

And so we sit and talk, not about the war so much as the difficulties of war-time farming and the firm conviction of the farmers that they are not getting a fair deal from the Ministry. For they are not unnaturally suspicious of methods which have led to a

glut of pigs on the market in the first case, and now of English meat. It probably is quite true there is a shortage of foodstuffs for both, but it equally well might be a method of getting cheap food for the public! At least, that is what some farmers seem to think, and not unnaturally, for in the past they have had no reason to trust Governments who have always treated agriculture as the Cinderella of industry, and even in war-time we doubt if the vote of the townsman is entirely forgotten.

As we loiter down the ride, watches are looked at. Two R.A.F. officers turn for home. The field, small enough to start with, is dwindling fast.

Only my farmer friend eventually remains. His farm is "pigs" (indeed, I can smell them in the distance!) How he manages to obtain food for them is a mystery unsolved, for everyone else is worried to death about foodstuffs. "Swill," say the papers. "You try and get it!" say the farmers. I know, for I have tried, and for six months I have had

it through a middleman from neighbouring camps. Now, partly because there is less food wastage going on, but chiefly because the demand for swill exceeds the supply, I cannot get any, and the price of pigs goes down and down. *Is it cheap food for the public?* I wonder!

The morning gets hotter and hotter. Farmer S. brings out a couple of apples from his capacious pockets. As I munch one I remark: "By Jove, these are good apples! Have you got plenty of 'em?"

"Well, I had," he replied, "but they Colonial soldiers have taken a goodish few. Did you hear the tale they be telling of Vicar's apples?"

"No," I said.

"Well, he had some real big, bright-coloured ones as he were keeping for Harvest Festival like, and as some of 'em was taken, he puts up notice: 'These apples are reserved for Harvest Festival.' But when he came to gather them, they were gone, and notice read: 'All are safely gathered in!'"

### "LET HUNTING CEASE!"

"Let hunting cease!" is the gloomy chorus—  
 "Pleasure must end when a world's at war!"  
 How say those who are fighting for us?  
 "Cherish the things we battle for!"

Night steals minutes the days are losing,  
 Summer falters at autumn's touch;  
 Must they now mourn a summer's closing  
 To whom each autumn meant so much?

They challenge fate in a dozen guises;  
 By land, by sea, in the skies above,  
 A man fights best for what best he prizes;  
 Guard for the sportsmen the sport they love

GEORGE MEREDITH.

There's a whiff of frost in the early morning,  
 A nip in the air as the sun goes down;  
 August is past and the leaves are turning  
 From green to gold and from gold to brown.

Only he who can take life's tosses  
 And mount anew is a man indeed;  
 Few there be in our far-flung forces  
 Who count not sport in a warrior's creed.



# GOLD IN BRITAIN

## A GOLD MINE FOR THE NATIONAL TRUST

**T**HE recent announcement that the historic gold mine at Pumpsaint, in South Wales, has been acquired by the National Trust must have come as a surprise to many people, for comparatively few realise just how much gold has been taken from the soil and rock of Britain in past years.

It was the mineral wealth of Britain that attracted most of the early invaders. There are many stories to the effect that the tin mines of Cornwall were worked by the ancient Phœnicians. Later the Romans came to realise the extensive mineral wealth of their farthest-flung outpost, and in many parts of the north and Midlands are relics of lead mines that were worked by them. Remains of their iron-ore workings can still be seen in the Forest of Dean and it has been said that one of the main sources of gold for the entire Roman Empire was in the mountains of Wales.

Since Roman times British gold-mining has been spasmodic, but from time to time important finds have been made and the Royal Family have always been willing to give encouragement to British mine-owners. For instance, the wedding rings worn by Queen Elizabeth, the Princess Royal and the Duchess of Kent were all made from gold found in the hills of Wales.

Scotland, too, has treasures of its past mineral wealth. The Scottish State crowns, to be seen at Edinburgh Castle, were made in 1542 from gold found in the southern uplands of the country. The King's crown contains nearly 60 oz. of the metal, and 35 oz. were used in the Queen's crown. Also in the Castle is a belt of pure Scottish gold that weighs almost 20 oz.

Ogofau Mine, the new National Trust property, is one of the most interesting in the whole of Europe. It is probable that it was to this mine that Pliny referred in his indication

of the five chief sources of gold in the Roman Empire, and many discoveries made in the district and on the property confirm this.

These finds include slave pits—depressions and tunnel openings in the ground in which the enslaved Celts sweated as they dug and worked the ore under the eye of their Roman masters—and an aqueduct eight miles long leading to the mine. Towards the end of the eighteenth century a gold necklace and some bracelets and rings were found near the property, and the remains of a Roman villa also have been discovered.

Many years afterwards the Normans endeavoured to re-open the Carmarthenshire workings, and it is quite possible that further attempts were made in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and Charles I. Water seems to have frustrated these attempts, for the workings, which extended

well below the bed of the River Cothi, are found 160ft. down the present mine.

The Ogofau Mine remained in use until comparatively recent years, and during 1938 the company employed 200 men above and



THE ROMAN STEPS ABOVE HARLECH  
Traditionally a Roman gold road from the Mountains of Merioneth, but now regarded as of mediæval origin



IN THE WELSH GOLD COUNTRY. CLOGAU AND ST. DAVID'S MINES IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE



"A Kodak Snapshot"

#### HARLECH CASTLE, LOOKING TO MERIONETH

The "Roman Steps" are traditionally the route by which Welsh gold was brought over the mountains to be shipped from the beach below the Castle

below ground, the peak of production being attained in October of that year, when nearly 1,000 oz. of pure gold were produced.

The Pumpsaint area, however, is not the only district in Wales connected with gold-mining, for the mountains on the north side of the Mawddach Estuary, between Barmouth and Dolgelley, have been referred to as the "Hills of Gold" by writers, and mining certainly has been carried on there for several centuries, although not continuously.

It is difficult to distinguish fact from fancy when seeking to unravel the story of gold-mining in Merionethshire. According to some authorities, gold was carried across the Rhinog Mountains from the mines of the Trawsfynydd area to the port beneath Harlech Castle in the time of the Romans, traffic that gives the name of "Roman Steps" to the old trackway between the two places. This trackway has now been definitely established as a mediaeval traders' route, so that the older story cannot be regarded as authentic. There are, however, definite records of a discovery of gold there in 1843, and in a report to the British Association in 1844 it was stated that a complete system of auriferous veins extends throughout the Snowdonian formations.

Mining operations in this district were in full swing in the middle of last century, and the mill at the Vigra gold mines was equipped with a water-wheel some sixty feet in diameter, which worked a Cornish crushing machine capable of dealing with forty tons of ore daily. It was stated that the average yield for the three months ending December 31st, 1861, was 32½ lb. of gold per month.

In the year 1872 the Clogau Gold Company, which worked a mine in the same district, are said to have obtained £30,000 worth of metal, but work here ceased towards the end of the century. In 1912 gold-bearing quartz was again struck, and in May, 1918, a demobilised Australian soldier, an expert engineer, found a streak on a mountain-side near Barmouth.

A further rich vein was struck in this neighbourhood in 1929. The Gwynfynydd mines were reopened, and in 1932 powers were given to a London company to dredge the estuary for gold. It was also said that the gold reef itself passed right under the estuary from a point two or three miles from Barmouth to Fairbourne, but the cost of working this has proved prohibitive.

At the beginning of the present century geologists located a gold-bearing reef running

right underneath the Forest of Dean, between the valleys of the Severn and Wye, and great hopes were entertained that the Forest, already famous for its iron and coal mines, would become a gold-mining district. Finds were reported in 1909, but the reputed gold turned out to be yellow ochre.

Another disused gold mine lies up one of the remote valleys behind the North Welsh coastal village of Aber, between Bangor and Llanfairfechan, and a long tunnel penetrating the hillside, the work of prospectors many years ago, can still be seen.

There are also places in the southern portion of these islands where the presence of gold has been discovered. An analysis of the water of the Dartmoor streams has shown that they contain gold, and it is quite possible that their beds are rich in the metal, while only a year or two ago a Hampshire farmer found a rich bunch of gold-bearing nodules beneath his ground at Fordingbridge.

The area between Leadhills and Wanlockhead, in the southern uplands of Scotland, was once the richest gold-bearing reef in Britain. In 1578

one Bevis Bulmer, a Yorkshireman, found a rich vein near the head of the Longcleugh Burn, and by 1592, when it had become worked out, more than £100,000 worth of gold had been extracted. To-day, the washings of streams in the same area often result in rich hauls. SYDNEY MOORHOUSE.



ENTRANCE TO THE CLOGAU MINE, NEAR BARMOUTH





## THE MERLIN

Written and Illustrated by

ERIC J. HOSKING,  
F.R.P.S., M.B.O.U.

THE COCK

THE HEN



**T**HE merlin, the smallest of the order of Accipitres native to Great Britain, is to be found on most large areas of moorland, especially in northern England, Wales and Scotland, but it is surprising how infrequently it is seen. Many favourable moors can be searched without success, because the merlin, like so many of the predatory birds, is shy of habit and retiring by nature. This is not due to lack of courage, however, for the bird is a fearless defender of its young, and if disturbed in the vicinity of its nest is aggressive in the extreme. We had experience of this while crossing a Scottish moor during the spring of this year, when we were met by two merlins which dived at us, screamed over our heads and mobbed us in no uncertain manner. We were exhilarated by their dashing flight as they skimmed past us, the air tearing through their wings, and at each new onslaught they made at us we instinctively ducked, though well aware that they would not make contact.

The nest had already been located, and some days later, when the hide was in position and all was ready for photography, I was able to appreciate yet another side of this versatile bird's character, this time in relation to its duties as a parent and housekeeper. I had not been left in the hide for more than a few minutes when the hen returned and perched

on a small tree-stump a few feet to the right of the nest. From this perch she surveyed the immediate locality and, being reassured, leapt from the perch down to the nest. Standing astride the eggs, she carefully lowered her body and at the same time lowered her breast feathers so that they completely enveloped all four eggs. Some hours later I heard the male calling from somewhere above the hide, and instantly the hen jumped from the nest and hastened away. In her haste to accept the food, which the male carried in his talons, she knocked one of the eggs out of the nest, so that it rolled into the heather. I shall never forget her look of astonishment when, on returning, she saw one egg away from the others. For some while she attempted to rake it back with her bill, but, failing to make it roll over a small piece of heather, she returned to the three eggs and brooded these. A few minutes later another attempt was made to retrieve the wandering egg, but it was not until many attempts had been made that she finally succeeded in restoring it.

Although the hen took the major share in the incubation of the eggs, the male also helped, and whenever the hen left the nest to feed on her own, the male would return. The male merlin is very little larger than a mistle thrush and considerably smaller than his mate; although courageous in defending the nest he

appeared scared of his wife, and dashed away from the nest whenever she returned.

As the nest was not found until all the eggs had been laid, we were uncertain when the hatch would take place, but on visiting the nest one morning we found that two of the eggs were just hatched—the chicks being still wet—a third was on the verge of hatching, while the fourth was chipped and looked as though it would hatch at any time. Actually these two eggs hatched quite soon after the hen returned. With the large majority of the birds of prey the eggs are laid at intervals of from one to three days, and incubation starts with the laying of the first or second egg, which results in the hatching of the chicks at similar intervals. This procedure does not appear to apply to the merlin, and it would be interesting to know why this is so.

After brooding the chicks for a time the hen left the nest silently, but as she flew across the glen she called. This was not the usual "kec-kec-kec" call, but a rather drawn-out "queep-eeep," and was undoubtedly the call for food. Almost immediately the male flew in and, after greeting each other in the air, both birds flew to a perch on the opposite side of the valley. Although too far away to see exactly what happened, I was under the impression that the male gave some prey to the hen, for shortly afterwards she was back



SHE ACCIDENTLY KNOCKED AN EGG OUT OF THE NEST



THE HEN ADMIRING ONE OF THE FIRST HATCHED CHICKS





WITH HER TWELVE-DAY-OLD CHICKS ON WHOM TRACES OF WING AND TAIL FEATHERS ARE JUST VISIBLE

at the nest with the remains of a meadow pipit. This was held under the talons, torn to small pieces and offered to the chicks. Each piece was held so that it touched the bill of the chick, and at the same moment the hen made a sharp "click" note, at the sound of which the chick would open its beak and take the food. All four chicks were fed, much to my surprise, as I did not expect they would take food during the first day of their life. In all the meal only lasted five minutes, after which the hen settled down to brood again.

It was noticed that the hen did not remove the egg-shells from the nest, but during her spells of brooding she would peck at them, and after breaking them into tiny pieces she ate them bit by bit.

Many hours were spent in watching this

family, and as the days passed by it was observed that the morsels of food given to the chicks increased in size. At the conclusion

of each meal the hen would swallow the remains of the prey, legs and bones complete. When the chicks were twelve days old there was rather an amusing occurrence. Both adult birds had remained away from the nest for some time, and during this period the chicks became more and more hungry, so all four huddled together and continually scanned the skies for their parent. When the hen merlin did return she gave her chicks four gigantic meals in rapid succession, and at the conclusion of these, those four chicks were so gorged that they were incapable of movement, and just lay sprawled out on the bottom of the nest.

Altogether they were an interesting family, and I was sorry that other activities compelled me to relinquish my observation of them before they left the nest.

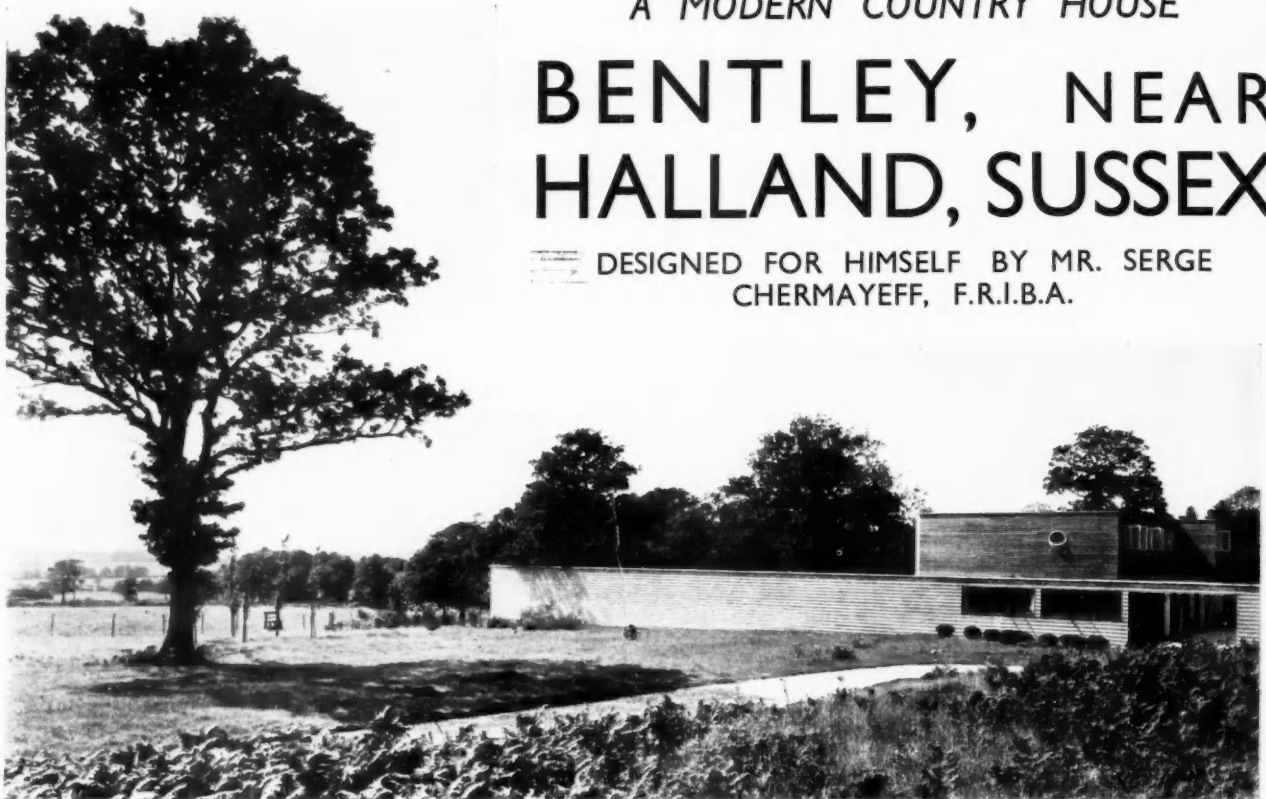


THE HEN RETURNS TO THE NEST WITH PREY—THE CHICKS ARE SIX DAYS OLD



THE TWELVE-DAY-OLD CHICKS BEFORE THEIR MEAL—AND AFTER IT!

## A MODERN COUNTRY HOUSE

BENTLEY, NEAR  
HALLAND, SUSSEXDESIGNED FOR HIMSELF BY MR. SERGE  
CHERMAYEFF, F.R.I.B.A.1.—THE APPROACH FROM  
THE EAST

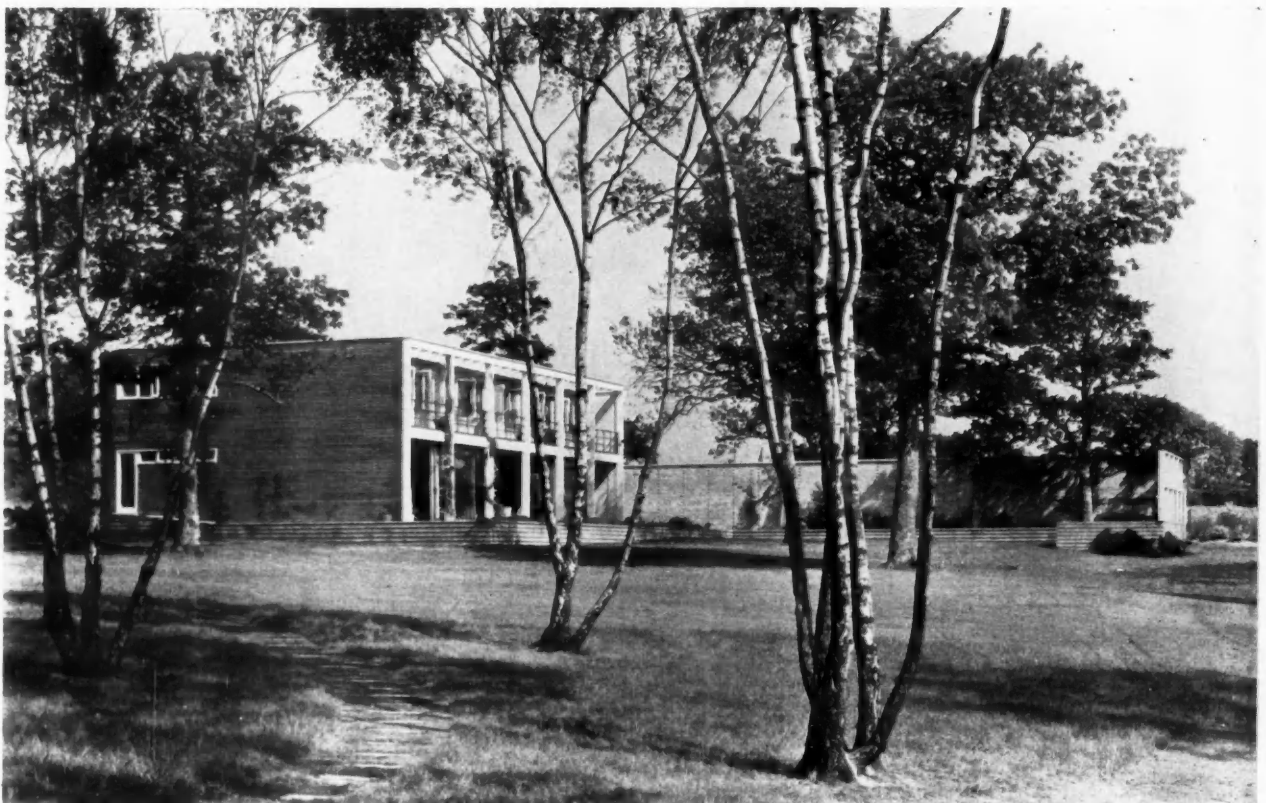
The natural mauve grey of the Canadian red cedar weatherboarding on the house rises above the yellow brick of the wind-break wall. In the middle of the wall is the entrance, seen on the right, to the forecourt

*Timber-built, on an isolated site commanding a fine view of the South Downs, this house was the subject of a heated controversy with the Rural District Council, which, in 1935, refused to sanction the designs.*

**D**URING this orgy of destruction it is a healthy mental relief to think ahead, to the time of reconstruction. When that time comes it cannot be just a case of patching up, whether of Europe, or London, or the scarred lands. It will not be possible, even if it were desirable, to return to pre-war conditions in all things—perhaps

in anything. The fundamental cause of the failure of what we now see as a twenty years' truce was the general tendency, twenty years ago, to think in pre-1914 terms. After the last Armistice and Peace an exhausted world's first thought was: "Now we shall be able to pick things up where we dropped them." That reaction was fatal. Too late it was realised that

the dropped things were already dead. It took twenty years to make even a beginning of gradually straightening out and planning what was in a malleable state in 1918, but grew stiffer and more unmanageable with every wasted year. This is not the place to discuss international relations. We are concerned here only with living conditions in relation to our own country-



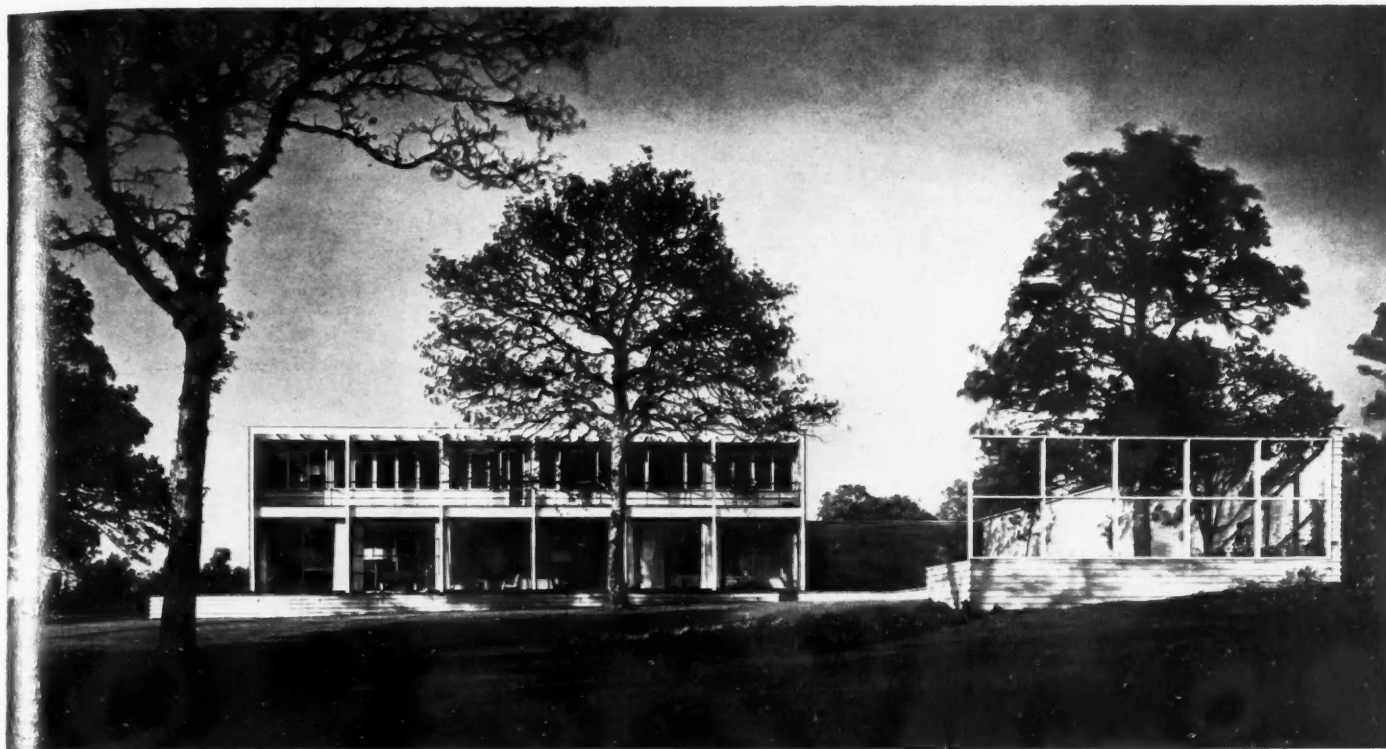
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2.—FROM THE EDGE OF  
THE COPPICE

The mown grass, with occasional oak trees, merges into open coppice. The gentle contours and the trees have been counted on to soften the rectangular design of the building

"Country Life"





Architectural Review

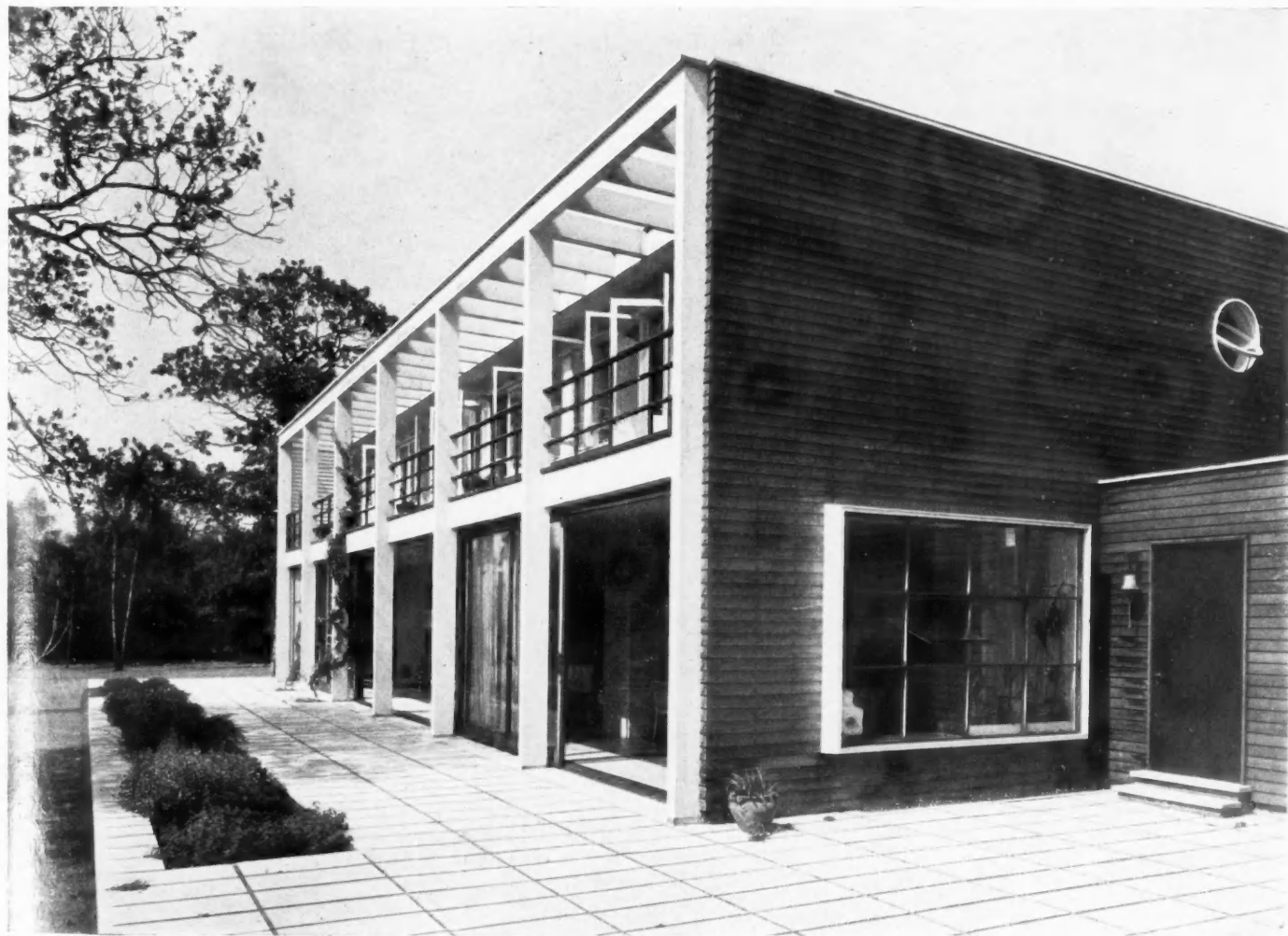
### 3.—LOOKING TOWARDS THE DOWNS, THE SOUTH FRONT

A long terrace runs the full width of the house, and has a sheltered outdoor eating place in the corner to the right of the house. Another terrace joins it at right angles, sheltered by the wall and the partly glazed trellis (extreme right)

side. But it is permissible to compare the chaos of town and country planning with the collapse of a Europe dependent on the League of Nations, because failure was in each case due to lack of compulsive power and vision at the centre and reliance

on voluntary local agreements. This war, and the face of Britain as it was in 1939, are equally damning witnesses to the failure of democracy as we have understood it hitherto. But that is not to condemn the democratic principle. In the sphere of do-

mestic planning we have only to look at such countries as Sweden, Finland, Switzerland and Holland, or even to the Germany of the Weimar Republic, to see that enlightened popular government is capable of producing the best and most progressive land planning



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### —THE FRAMEWORK OF THE BUILDING IS OF JARRAH-WOOD BEAMS PAINTED CREAM

The ground floor windows fold away so that terrace and rooms are a single space. The dining-room window is on the right. The upper floor windows are set back to provide a balcony, open above but fitted with awnings if required

"Country Life"



and architecture in the world: the best because it is based on educated popular opinion, and the most progressive because opinion recognises that some private rights must be delegated to a competent central authority, acting on behalf of the community and strong enough to give its intentions effect.

The story of this house in Sussex, it will be seen, aptly illustrates this case. But, before it is told, the converse of the argument—on which this house also has a close bearing—must be stated.

After the war we must profit by the lesson of lost opportunities in 1920 and make up our minds to get the sort of town and country that the good life postulates to-day. But town and country are living organisms and can no more be divorced than human life itself from natural and national conditions. In planning for after the war we must not commit the all too common sin of applying abstract principles too rigidly to living organisms—organisms that have splendid and appropriate characteristics of their own. English towns and English country, with their historic architectures, are, at their best, among the supreme achievements of civilisation. Where they have not been spoiled by the Victorians and ourselves, they afford not only a heritage that must be safeguarded, but the materials for learning how to set about the tasks confronting us. But while we must keep as much as possible of what is fine, even to the extent of preserving intact such cities as Bath, such towns as Farnham, and certain stretches of the countryside such as the remaining coastline, the valley of Constable's Stour, and national parks, *it will be fatal to think we can imitate them.* The imitation, the bogus, "ye olde" have been the bane of the last twenty years. What the past has to teach us is not the details but the principles of planning and design. "Where the eighteenth-century Englishman succeeded was in his seizing of the opportunities for improvement which changing conditions offered, and where the Victorian failed, and where we fail to-day, is in our incapacity to seize similar and even greater opportunities that have been offered to us." (Thomas Sharp, "Town Planning, 1940).

It is not everybody, of course, who wants to seize the opportunities offered by contemporary architecture. Their tastes and requirements are formed, and are met by the various types of existing house. But the new architecture has arrived, with its new materials, new methods of using them, and a new generation preferring them. And the recognition has also come, after a period of experiment, that "abstract" architecture—that is, archi-



5.—BESIDE THE WEST SIDE, LOOKING SOUTH TOWARDS THE DOWNS AND COPPICE

The mauve grey of the weatherboarding is matched by a plantation of purple-leaved shrubs in the foreground

tecture designed purely to illustrate an intellectual thesis and without relation to its setting or national tradition—is unsatisfying. Where we can learn from the Georgians is how to take the wonderful opportunities offered to us by the war, by science, by living architects, for a fuller way of life while maintaining and developing, as they did, the æsthetic characteristics of our land and homes.

In a previous article on the future of house design ("The Englishman's Home," COUNTRY LIFE, August 24th, 1940), in which this house was compared with other modern and traditional types, I discussed the dominant part played by the pitched roof in our national architecture, but pointed out that the flat roof had an even longer history and was incorporated by Renaissance architects into the English repertory. Not only did the Georgians prefer a flat classical silhouette (though their structural methods generally compelled them to use, and conceal, a pitched roof), but many Jacobean houses, and for that matter mediæval castles and churches, have flat or concealed roofs. No objection can thus be raised to the most noticeable feature of this design—its shape—on the score of precedent.

The other characteristic of much contemporary architecture to which objection is justifiably taken is its colour. Because reinforced concrete is the chief of the new materials, many architects during the experimental phase felt bound to use it, or to pretend

that they had used it, and render the surface with a staring white finish reminiscent of the Mediterranean climate but in most cases inappropriate to the English country colour scheme. In this house Mr. Chermayeff has not only not used the fashionable concrete, adopting the traditional materials of brick and weatherboarding, but he took peculiar pains to relate the colours of house and setting. The walls are of Canadian red cedar—a warm mauvish grey—and the terrace and garden walls of buff stock brick. Only the exposed structural supports and window-frames are creamy white, which is normal enough, and here they incidentally link up with the white stems of the silver birch trees in the coppice bordering the lawns. The colour of the cedar is cleverly merged into plantations adjoining the house of purple-leaved berberis and other shrubs (Figs. 5 and 6), while the woodlands and trees on the site, carefully studied before work was begun, have been incorporated into a very successful essay in the revived art of landscape design.

The type of garden that is developing in connection with modern architecture is largely a reversion to the landscape design of the great eighteenth-century practitioners. The aim is to retain the natural character of the site, emphasising the contours and tree-pattern by mown sward and shrub massings, but introducing flowers sparingly in relation to the house. The general effect aimed at here might be described as a fragment of idyllic landscape of which the gentle contours and the tree groupings provide the contrast needed by the austere lines of the building (Fig. 4), and also as foreground for the great view southwards towards the Eastbourne downs. The house itself is conceived as part of the garden, in that the ground-floor windows fold away completely so that terrace and living-rooms are thrown into one (Fig. 3). The terrace is extended at the side of the house to an out-of-doors dining space (Fig. 6), which is continued as a "green gallery" southwards, screened to the east by the long windbreak wall of buff brick, and at the south end by a trellis partly filled with plate glass. This wall is a prominent feature on the approach to the house (Fig. 1), and is extended northwards for an equal distance round the garage and service buildings which flank the forecourt. The coursing of the bricks in this wall to give texture is a detail worth noting. The design of the house was evolved to provide enjoyment of the view for all the principal rooms, which face south, and the maximum of air and light. Its very interesting construction and plan will be discussed next week; here it need only be said that it is timber-built throughout, on a frame of jarrah wood



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6.—IN THE ENTRY COURT

The front door is in the re-entrant angle beyond the large window, approached beneath the pergola. To the left are garages and outbuildings

"Country Life"

used like steelwork. The principle is directly comparable to the original simple prototypes of European architecture: the wooden post-and-lintel house from which developed the classic architecture of Greece; and the timber-framed houses of our own countryside. But for once somebody has thought hard about these traditional principles and materials, and the traditional elements in a plan (eating-room, living-room, private room, and so forth), with the result that they have been rearranged to "seize the opportunities which changing conditions offered." And as that somebody had not only a constructive imagination but appreciated English landscape as much as you or I, the result is a house a hundred per cent. of our own time, yet one that, surprisingly, fits in with and rejuvenates the tradition of the English home. I suppose I am as sensitive as most people to the appeal of historic architecture and the beauty of the English landscape. Yet, having come half inclined to dislike it, I left Mr. Chermayeff's scheme stimulated by its sanity and freshness, by its courageous but reverent restatement of basic values.

Now that it is built, anybody can see and test this effect for himself. But it was very nearly not allowed to be built, and, to revert to the point with which this article opened, there is a real danger that when the time for reconstructing Britain comes, this kind of sane, responsible progressiveness may be suppressed by pious sentiment. Unless we get straight in our minds now whether England is going to go on "staying put" or to move with the times. When the designs for this house were submitted in 1935 to the Uckfield Rural District Council, under the Town and Country Planning Act, the Council refused to sanction them. The grounds of objection were (1) timber construction in a brick and tile neighbourhood, regardless of the ancient Sussex tradition of weatherboarding; and (2) that "the flat roof is out of keeping with existing neighbouring buildings." Apart from the fact that no other buildings are visible in the vicinity, the defendant pointed out that the Council's own offices, in which the enquiry was being held, was itself a neo-Georgian building with a horizontal roof-line. The architect availed himself of the right of appeal to the Minister of Health, who saw nothing to object to in the design. The real objection, however, was really the quite general one that it was "modern." It was compared to a sanatorium and to a chicken-house, and feeling ran high in the county at the time, although no protests are normally made to this or to any other council about the shocking designs that are sanctioned without demur. Unfortunately, the Town and Country Planning Act places the whole future development of England in the hands of these local authorities who, well meaning as they usually are, are not commonly equipped to discriminate on matters of æsthetics. It will be a disaster if, when the time comes to re-build and re-plan the south-east coast towns—the gateways to the new England—the nation cannot assure itself that vulgar oakypokery will be sternly discouraged and that the tremendous opportunity will be taken to design new towns that, however historic their past, shall show what this age can do when it uses its resources.

A first step in remedying the fundamental mistake committed in the Town and Country Planning Act has perhaps been made by the establishment of the Ministry of Works and Public Buildings. Here at least is the nucleus of that central authority which would be competent to draw in bold outline the manner in which the great reconstruction is to be carried out, and to adapt the supply of materials to that manner. So much will need doing so quickly, and resources will be so comparatively limited, that a great deal of the post-war reconstruction must inevitably be to standardised designs or at least to standard specifications, as was the re-building of London houses after the Great Fire. Next week we shall see that this house was designed of prefabricated units on multiples of a simple dimension, thus fitting it to economical reproduction (with adaptations) if required. It is not advocated that this particular design should necessarily be one of those standardised after the war. But the principles demonstrated in this remarkable experiment, and the advantages, and disadvantages, of this type of dwelling, are most certainly worthy of very close study in the interval before the vast task has to be undertaken.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.



7.—THE LONG TERRACE AND WINDBREAK WALL

At right angles to the house. The yellow stock brickwork is patterned for texture



8.—LOOKING OUT FROM THE DINING-ROOM

Half of the east window is of two thicknesses for succulent plants



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9.—WITH THE WINDOWS FOLDED BACK THE LIVING-ROOMS AND TERRACE BECOME A SINGLE "ROOM"

"Country Life" The terrace paving is carried across the threshold, in which the heating grill is seen



# BEYOND DEATH

A REVIEW BY V. H. FRIEDLAENDER

EVERY anthology is stamped, in some degree, with the personality of its compiler. But *THE TESTAMENT OF IMMORTALITY*, by a compiler using the initials "N. G." (Faber and Faber, 8s. 6d.), is so individual and moving a collection of one man's reading and thoughts after grievous bereavement that, as Mr. T. S. Eliot says in his fine Preface, the word "author" rather than "compiler" may justly be used in this case.

From the book's dedication, as well as from internal evidence, we may infer that the author has Eastern links as strong as his Western ones. He ranges far in his search for help, so that the familiar quotation never comes too frequently, and is offset by half a dozen less familiar or not familiar at all, such as the poem by a contemporary Indian woman poet, Sarojini Naidu, with its telling close:

Life is a prism of My light,  
And Death the shadow of My face.

But what gives this book its unique character and appeal is the strong sensation conveyed that here, genuinely, is a man who was crushed by the loss of his twenty-one year old son; who groped in that agony, alone and with no thought of publication, for any word that might help him to endure and overcome it; and that only as an afterthought are we permitted to share an experience so private and so sacred. There is a sense of privilege in doing so.

No time could be imagined at which this book was fitted to give wider or profounder help than the present. Every News Bulletin that we hear on the wireless, every night of bombing raids, increases the tragic numbers of the author's potential readers, and of those to whom his book will be a life-line in bitter seas.

The quotations include "testimonies from mystics, initiates, poets, saints and philosophers," all giving "positive assurance of life beyond death." The quality no less than the quantity of that testimony, as here indicated, will give to many, as they have given to the author, "deep consolation and peace."

Here the reader will find Hindu and Sufi mystics of the Middle Ages side by side with extracts from *The Times*, with English and Russian poets, with American, French, Chinese philosophers. Here is a letter from John Donne to his mother, the dialogue of an Egyptian with his soul, an Oxford synagogue litany, a note from a man of science, a psychiatrist, an actor, a London editor. Here is that cool example of what one might call holy wit, from Jacob Boehme:

Disciple: Whither goeth the soul when the Body dieth?

Master: There is no necessity for it to go anywhither.

And here is a well translated brevity from Lucian:

For those who know not grief  
A whole life is brief;  
But for the sad one night  
Is time infinite.

One and all, the quotations relate us to what Siegfried Sassoon has called the

inward solemn influence . . .  
And with that stillness whence my spirit came.

Here, in short, is God's plenty, as collected, crumb after crumb, by a man starving for hope, famished for reassurance about the life after death of a human being intensely loved and newly dead.

Comforted and convinced himself, he now shares with us what he found. Those in the greatest present need will seek here, and not in vain, the greatest degree of support, understanding, hope, conviction.

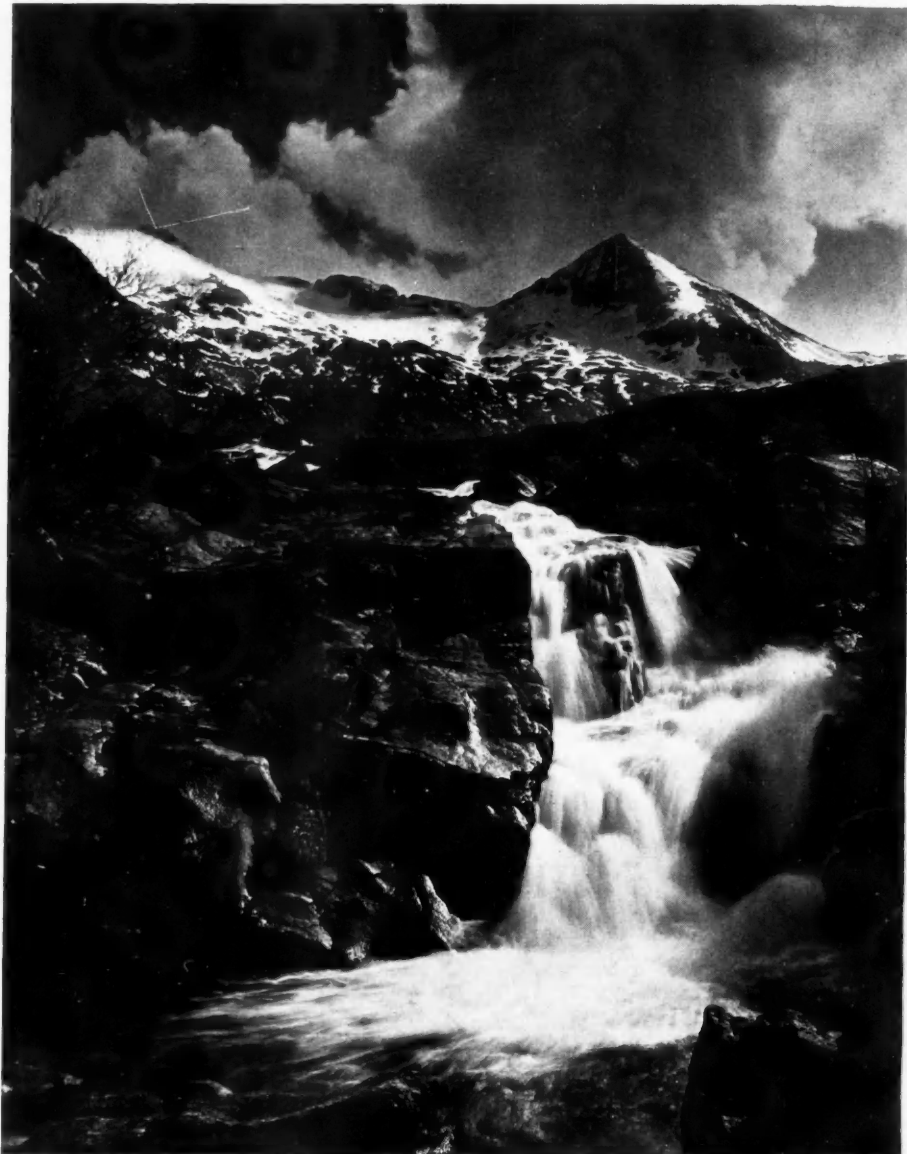
## GOING ALL COUNTRYFOLK

Some time ago Mr. Anthony Armstrong wrote a very attractive book called "Cottage Into House," telling how he and his wife and dog and baby acquired a tiny cottage and added to it those amenities—to use a horrid but convenient word—which converted it into an ideal week-end house. His new book, *WE LIKE THE COUNTRY* (Collins, 7s. 6d.), tells how, deciding to be week-enders no more but real countryfolk, they slowly enlarged the house to the necessary proportions and became

people with a rural outlook and visits to town, rather than people with an urban centre fond of country visiting. Mr. Armstrong sees the incidents of the change with a wise and humorous eye; he is not angry about the strange increase in a country builder's charges over his estimates—"Dimwall is sometimes a little vague as to just what giving an estimate means"—or outraged by the indifference of women to the charm of asparagus beds. His book will seem to most of his country home-

## SEEN FROM THE SADDLE

A more varied selection of "jottings" it would be difficult to find than in this latest book by Lieutenant-Colonel Sidney G. Goldschmidt, *RANDOM JOTTINGS OF A HORSEMAN* (Country Life, 8s. 6d.); so varied are they, indeed, that I find it hard to group its twenty-five chapters, to find how much of this book is practical, what humorous, and how many chapters are just light entertainment. The author has drawn attractively upon his varied experi-



R. M. Adam

## THE SNOW-CAPPED SUMMIT OF BEN CRUACHAN FROM GLEN NOE

(From "Country Life" Beautiful Britain Calendar, 1941")

loving readers to fit exactly with their own ideas and experiences, and for the others to describe just those experiences that they would like to have.

## HAUNTED

To read about a haunted house is something of a rest-cure in these days of bombed houses; Mr. Harry Price investigates the history of *THE MOST HAUNTED HOUSE IN ENGLAND* (Longman's, 10s. 6d.) with tireless industry and gusto. That house is—or was, for it was burned down last year—Borley Rectory, on the border of Essex and Suffolk. Even the ruins continue to be haunted; but for ten years before the fire Mr. Price pursued the Rectory's peculiarities. He gathers them together in a book that includes a hundred witnesses whose testimony spreads over sixty years. These witnesses, too, have good right to give evidence, for they include five Rectors of Borley and their families, every person who ever lived in the Rectory for any length of time, and many impartial professional men, as well as Mr. Price himself and his trained observers. The result is really overwhelming in its mass. Sceptics may argue that not all of the things happened to all of the people all of the time; the most hardened among them can hardly maintain that none of the things happened to any of the people any of the time. But, be that as it may, the book is entertaining and exciting

ences in the horse world, and, as always, I find him amusing, and delighting slightly in drawing a good laugh against himself. As in the past, I find one or two matters with which I am not in agreement, such as whether adults should be in the ring in children's classes, and, as I think, the over-insistence on orthodox dress for hacking. I am, however, entirely in agreement with all he writes in his chapter "The Army Mule." Citing a number of instances in support, Colonel Goldschmidt shows us how greatly the mule's intelligence is superior to that of the horse. What is of considerable interest, too, is that an entirely different technique is necessary, or at any rate desirable, when handling horses and mules. The author maintains that with Army mules best results are obtained by employing men without previous knowledge of horses, or with only limited knowledge. As he truly writes: "Show a mule what is wanted, and he will more readily comply than if an attempt is made to compel him." Chapters having the virtue of novelty can be found in "Riding Before Breakfast," "A Conference of the Hunted," "A Discussion by the Hunted," and particularly good and amusing too is "The Horse in Fiction." I must give Colonel Goldschmidt full marks for having, by the kind permission of Mr. Punch, embellished this nicely produced book with over thirty of Leech's sporting drawings. To describe any of



them is entirely unnecessary, but it can be said that the choice made from the store left us by this famous artist is a good and humorous one.

#### THE FIRST SIX MONTHS

In these days of stress and strain, the first six months of the war seem a long way behind us, and our present preoccupations tend to dim the memory of those early upheavals of evacuation, of the fitting of gas-masks and procuring of identity-cards, and all the discomforts of the subsequent long spell of bitter weather. The arrival of a family of evacuees in a Kentish country house in the autumn of 1939, and the reaction of the Lawrences to their guests, and to war-time conditions generally, form the subject of *THE WINTER IS PAST* (Collins, 8s. 6d.), and provide Miss Noel Streatfield with an opportunity for very pleasant

and entertaining writing. Her characters are full of life and drawn with a deep insight into human nature, particularly in the case of Mrs. Vid and her little family to whom the war brings temporary release from the mean streets of Deptford; while her descriptions of the fine Georgian house in its setting of green lawns and trees, of crisp autumn days, and the first signs of returning spring, show her keen appreciation of the lovely things of life. It is because the book is enjoyable in so many respects that one regrets the inclusion here and there of an ugly phrase or word which might quite well have been omitted.

#### BEAUTIFUL BRITAIN

COUNTRY LIFE "Beautiful Britain" Calendar for 1941 does, most people who have examined it agree, rather more than maintain the standard of

its forerunners. The fifty-two large reproductions have been chosen from a vast number to represent the homeland for which England is fighting at its most familiar and beautiful. They will be an inspiration to many of us throughout the year.

#### BOOKS EXPECTED

A book for children, called *THE SEASONS AND THE GARDENER*, is to come in time for Christmas from the Cambridge University Press. It is by H. E. Bates, who, though better known as novelist and short-story writer, has given us two country books already, "Through the Woods" and "Down the River."

Mr. John Masefield's account of the campaign in Belgium will be illustrated with maps and photographs and comes from Messrs. Heinemann: it is called, *THE TWENTY-FIVE DAYS*. Mr. Geoffrey Bles announces *SOUTHWARD JOURNEY*, the account of a year's absence in Australia by Dr. Halliday Sutherland.

## W. H. DAVIES

By S. P. B. MAIS

WHEN I was ransacking the poets for material suitable for broadcasting to the troops I found each week that a large proportion of my extracts were drawn from W. H. Davies.

Each week I took a subject of the widest possible interest. The Seasons, the Sea, Rain, Clouds, Wind, Rivers, Hills, Flowers, Birds, Beasts, Sleep, Beauty, and Love.

Each week I found that Davies had something pertinent, illuminating and memorable to say about these things.

When I was preparing my new anthology for boys and girls and had to find poets who would kindle youthful enthusiasm for those things that are of good report I found myself reverting again and again to W. H. Davies.

While the young poets were groping about dimly and querulously in the mists of intellectual obscurity and defeatism Davies shone like a clear star.

There was never the slightest doubt about his standpoint with regard to life.

If ever there was a Yes-man, Davies was that man.

He had first the qualities that come foremost in an age like this, those of courage and fortitude.

We should no more guess from his work that this tramp was a cripple than we should guess from his face that President Roosevelt suffered from paralysis of the lower limbs.

No poet was ever more explicit or more forthright.

We know exactly where we are with him, and we know exactly what we have to do if we are to share his vision.

I stare at dewdrops till they close their eyes,  
I stare at grass till all the world is green:  
I stare at rainbows all their precious life,  
Till nothing's left to prove what I have seen.

I stare at Robin Redbreast on his bough,  
Till he comes down with many a pretty dance:  
I stare at my own self, and walk the earth  
With half my spirit in a wonder-trance.

We are taught in the Gospel:

Unless ye become as a little child ye shall in no wise enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

We are taught by Davies that the same holds good of the Kingdom of Earth.

I have God's second Heaven

Ere I have known the wonder of His first.

Not only is his poetry couched in a language that all children can and do understand with ease, but his outlook is precisely that of a child.

He is for ever starting life all over again and looking at the imprint of a bird's foot in the sun, the side-leaps of butterflies, the changing colour of the rainbow, the sheep-like movement of clouds, and the cloud-like movements of sheep as if he were looking at them with the wide-eyed innocence of a child who is capable not only of seeing with crystal clarity and exactness the image from an unclouded retina ("experience is the smoke on the glasses of life"), but also of relating that material image to an unscen mystery behind.

But I have seen the sea-boy, young and drowned,  
Lying on shore, and, by thy cruel hand,  
A seaweed beard was on his tender chin,  
His heaven-blue eyes were filled with common sand.

Partly his clarity may have come from his sea-faring, which, like that of Masefield and unlike that of Coleridge, was practical and not derivative. He came from sea-faring stock, and had made the Atlantic voyage many times as a cattleman.

But in the main it was probably due to the company he kept, for among men he lived with those who were nearest to the animals, the unlettered men of the soil, and more often he preferred the company of birds and beasts.

The voices and the legs of birds and women  
Have always pleased my ears and eyes the most.

The odd thing is that whereas one expects clarity to be closely linked with the specific and the poet to provide the local habitation and a name, Davies, unlike his friend and fellow countryman, Edward Thomas, rarely singles out a specific place or person for praise or dispraise.

Once and once only he picks out a string of Welsh names for special praise, but rather, I imagine, because of the lyrical quality in their sound than for any special memory:

Can I forget the sweet days that have been,  
The villages so green I have been in:  
Llantarnam, Magor, Malpas and Llanwern,  
Liswery, Old Caeleion, and Alteryon.

The only person except Edward Thomas whom he mentions by name is Keats,

Who died because he had no power

To stop his craving after sweets,

—an epitaph that makes us glad that Davies decided not to climb Parnassus on the shoulders of any predecessor.

It is not, however, enough for a poet to be clear-eyed, exact, and childlike in simplicity. In addition to sense and sensibility, he must possess an unusually keen ear for music.

Davies has a pure lyrical gift comparable to that of Blake:

Night is the only time I live,  
Wherein I find delight;  
For then I dream my lover's near,  
To make a day of night.

But when I wake from those sweet dreams,  
And find that he's away,  
My night again begins its course,  
With every break of day.

That is a song that even the Elizabethan lyrical writers would not have disowned.

The great value of Davies to us is that he is a constant reminder of the truth of Thomas Traherne's assertion that we shall never see the Universe aright until we incorporate ourselves with the stars and the sky and all the elements.

As long as I love Beauty I am young,  
Am young or old as I love more or less,  
When Beauty is not heeded or seems stale,  
My life's a cheat, let Death end my distress.

Would that I could bequeath to you  
My joy in Earth and sky—  
Worth more than gold or precious stones,  
To be remembered by.

That joy in earth and sky is exactly what he has bequeathed to us, and it is a legacy of astonishing and increasing value. He makes us see all things new.

After reading him we never see a kingfisher flash past without recalling those lines of Davies also flashing through our mind:

It was the Rainbow gave thee birth  
And left thee all her lovely hues.

We associate for ever in our minds the call of the cuckoo with the colour of the rainbow

as a "sweet chance" that may not recur again "this side the tomb." How rich and great the times are then.

Like de la Mare, he is for ever reminding us to look our last on all things lovely every hour:

When primroses are out in Spring,  
And small, blue violets come between;  
When merry birds sing on boughs green,  
And rills, as soon as born, must sing:

When Butterflies will make side-leaps,  
As though escaped from Nature's hand  
Ere perfect quite, and bees will stand  
Upon their heads in fragrant deeps:

When small clouds are so silvery white  
Each seems a broken rimmed moon—  
When such things are, this world too soon,  
For me, doth wear the veil of Night.

Davies is the poet of content with the attainable.

Give me that little miser, Joy,  
Who hoards at home her quiet charms:  
And offers with her two soft lips  
A warmer kiss than any thrown  
By Pleasure, from her finger-tips.

It would seem from the vein of some of his poems that he took pleasure in women, but joy in Nature.

You came my way the first,  
When the life-force in my blood—  
Coming from none knows where—  
Had reached its highest flood:  
A time when anything,  
No matter old or new  
Could bring my song to birth—  
Sticks, bones or rags, or you!

But that is not wholly true, for Davies writes of the separation of lovers and the passion of love with as full an understanding as he writes of the beauty of clouds or the loveliness of bird-song.

It is a tremendous boon in a time of national stress to have recourse to a poet who sings simply and sincerely of the things in life that make for happiness.

Sing, happy Soul, thy songs of joy;  
Such as a Brook sings in the wood,  
That all night has been strengthened by  
Heaven's purer flood.

We need very much and very often the reminder that the land we defend is still in essence, as it always was and always will be, a land of beauty, and of lovers of beauty.

This instinctive feel towards beauty in the things of the countryside is as pronounced in the ploughman (as we saw in Robert Burns) as it is in the readers of Plato, though seldom so articulate.

It is therefore good to have found one tramp to give voice to what so many tramps feel, one poet to have turned his back on a world that is out of joint to a world of harmony that will still be here and still in harmony when the lunacies of man are all burnt away and forgotten.

Davies takes us by the hand out of a lost, discordant, raucous discontinuity, and points to a continuity where reason is given a chance to reassert itself and ears may re-attune themselves to the song of lark and thrush.

Best of all, he makes us re-assess life's values, and gives us fresh hope by his assurance that the best is always, not just out of, but always well within our reach, so long as we are prepared to open our eyes and accept as little children the wonder of the world.

## HOUSES OF THE ROMANTIC PERIOD IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

By  
E. W. HODGE

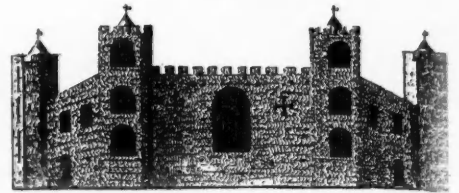
**A**FTER Thomas Gilpin and Thomas Gray had drawn the attention of the educated public towards the scenery of the Lake District, there must have been a greater relative impulse even than elsewhere to house building and estate planning. In a poor countryside and one of small proprietors, mansions of size or of architectural pretensions had been very few indeed. For Gray, the lack of a single gentleman's house set a special charm upon the Vale of Grasmere. But the developments from the last quarter of the eighteenth century onwards in building, and even more in planning, possess interest in that it was precisely the holding of pronounced views on the novel taste for scenery which brought these numerous "offcomers" to the district. With what ideas did they come, and what did they leave behind?

At the beginning of our period, in critical works such as Gilpin's, in fiction such as Amory's, and in the more or less anecdotal Tours, the tendency was naturally to overdraw enormously the roughness and eccentricity of the Lake District's inhabitants and the wildness of Nature. Gilpin himself loves to make our flesh creep, with suggestions of bandits and landslips. But it was Gilpin's essential task to show people how to indulge romantic ideas in practical comfort. The substance of his book is the application of the accepted picture-criticism to landscape improvement. In particular he favours the rather eccentric "Picturesque Taste." He inveighs most immoderately against all visible traces of habitation and agriculture. But as no one, least of all himself, really wanted to live in a grotto under a waterfall (despite contemporary taste in book illustration), he has to sacrifice some principle. "A house is an artificial object," he says, "and the scenery around it may be considered as the connecting thread between the regularity of the house and the freedom of the natural scene." The garden should therefore pass, by gradations as rapid as may be, to the inspired disorder of Nature.

The first man who ever settled in the Lakes for the sake of the scenery was a Mr. English, who in 1773-78 built Belle Isle on Windermere, the subject of recent articles in COUNTRY LIFE. He was not troubled at all by

scruples of the sort Gilpin entertained. His aim was clearly to provide an object of emphasis on the most conspicuous site on Windermere. One might think that the essential character of a landscape so wide could hardly be affected by a little gardening. But the Palladian "Rotunda"—it is a circular domed house—and its formal garden were so fiercely and unanimously condemned that a very early purchaser bowed to the storm, and modified the plantations so as to make a "natural" or irregular screen. Although subsequently summer-houses, ruins and so on were, on other sites, erected in such a position as to dominate the landscape, and do not seem ever to have been much objected to, the Romanticists were never again distressed by an attempt in the Lake District to do the same with a mansion house and its grounds.

The classical design of Belle Isle was rather old-fashioned perhaps even when it was built, and in this respect again it was not imitated. Flamboyance and eccentricity preferred to speak henceforth in the language of "Gothick," but the developed Gothic style suitable for larger houses was not greatly used in the district for a couple more decades. The most striking example of Gothic, and the earliest, was Lyulph's Tower, on Ullswater, built about 1780. Its very name taken from an imaginary hero of the Dark Ages, it expresses the exuberance of the pre-Gilpin romantics, and might have served as a residence for Mr. Chainmail in T. L. Peacock's satire "Crotchet Castle." It is, however, not quite the perfect example for our purpose, for it was the work not of some new settler but of the Howards, the great landowners of the neighbourhood, and was never intended as a principal residence. Designed to look like the fortress of a robber baron, it was really only a shooting lodge, with low ceilings and tiled floors—replete with false arches and turrets, but with penthouse rear aspect. The more severe and dogmatic romantics after Gilpin's time disapproved of shams, and therefore must in any case have disapproved of Lyulph's Tower. But the erection of buildings in the Gothic style in general was even by extremists not considered as a sham, but as an inherently fitting extension of the spirit of a wild landscape—one "natural-



LYULPH'S TOWER

Built by a Duke of Norfolk on the shore of Ullswater. (From Crosthwaite's Maps of the English Lakes, 1809.)

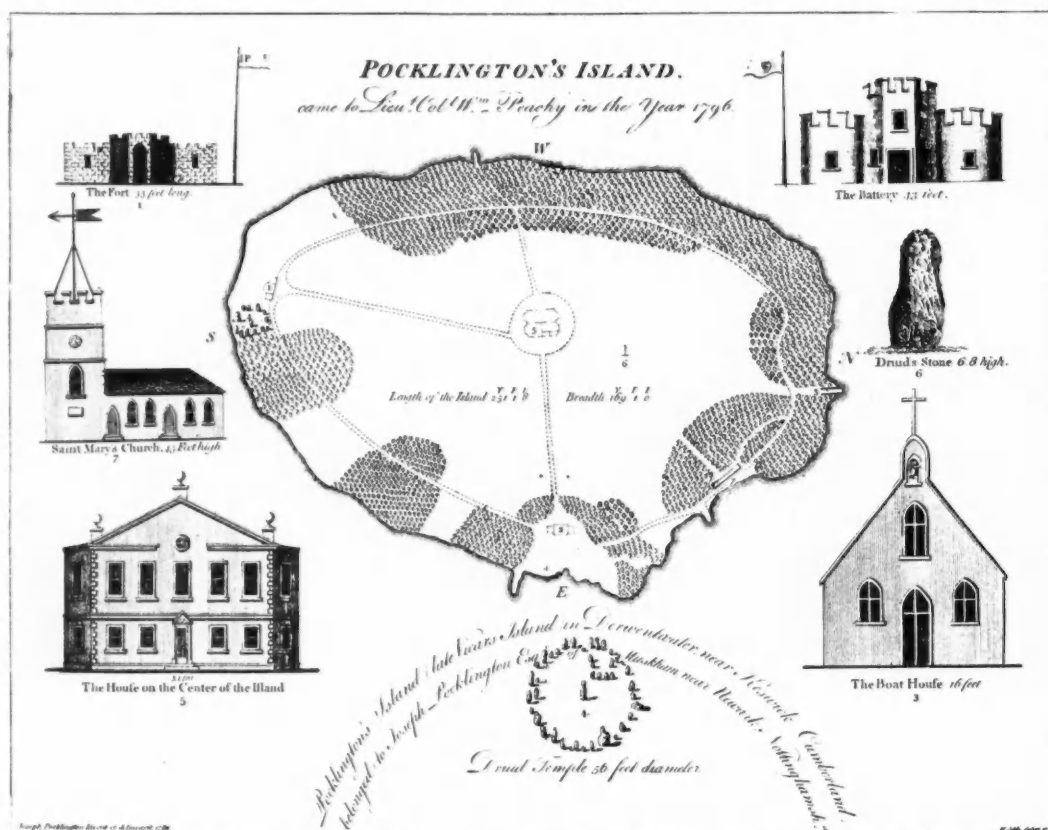
ised by use." The attempt to devise an architecture in keeping with such a landscape began, as here, with the imitation of actual Gothic examples, themselves evocative of sentiment. It then passed, under the influence of Payne Knight, through a stage where any sort of style at all was regarded with suspicion, until, in the early years of the nineteenth century, the taste of many centred not so much in the imitation of detail as in accidentals like the appearance of age, sitting, unobtrusiveness, and so on. In his dislike of spottiness and angularity, and of assertiveness in rural architecture, Gilpin's views merely agreed with those of Repton and most of his contemporaries, rather than with Knight, who thought a house should be absolutely hidden in an unimproved thicket, and its grounds virtually abolished. The last-mentioned views, it might be suspected, might make an appeal to at least some few of those who came of their own choice to live in a wild district. Such extreme views, in fact, were never dominant in the Lake District, but none the less from the time of Gilpin to that of Wordsworth a distinct tendency is discernible in their direction.

Meanwhile we return to the reasonable sort of house which was put up by the ordinary men whose temperament was more akin to Gilpin's: the comfortable postchaise travellers, the armchair critics of Nature, the country gentlemen.

A list of lately built houses given by Thomas West (1796) relates mainly to the southern lakes. Ullswater was almost untouched by the building of new mansions, as also the vale of Grasmere, for it was perhaps the temper of the new impulse to seek the spacious prospects of the larger lakes rather than the retired valleys which received their

full degree of appreciation a couple of generations later. In early times the northern gateway to the district by Keswick was, for various reasons, proportionately more important than to-day. Around Bassenthwaite, Clarke, in his Survey (1787), names many new villas, as well as Ousebridge, one of the earliest inns in the district built for tourists. Derwentwater, in spite of its obvious spectacular attraction, does not seem to have been a favourite, no doubt because the road was bad. Beside Lord Lewis Gordon's "unpretentious" Water End, the hand of Mr. Joseph Pocklington had been active here, in the house on Vicar's Island, at Barrow Hall, and at Finkle Street House, afterwards Derwent Bank, in Portinscale, all much alike as illustrated by Crosthwaite (1783). The surroundings of Derwentwater belonged to the Greenwich Hospital Trustees who initiated a vast scheme of coniferous planting, which drew a great outcry from the landscape amateurs of the day, much as the schemes of the Forestry Commission have done in the Lake District in the last decade. It may be thought that the preferences of the men of Knight's and Gilpin's day were not less instructed and soundly reasoned than to-day's.

As might be expected eccentricity bulked more largely in the literary controversy.



THE SIGHTS OF POCKLINGTON'S ISLAND IN DERWENTWATER  
From Crosthwaite's Map, 1809



about architecture than in actual house-planning, and summer-houses and subsidiary architectural ornaments offered a freer field than houses. As West puts it, "a particular that would greatly contribute to perfection of this beautiful region, to have proper objects placed on some of the eminences which it abounds," and one of two other eighteenth-century writers followed him in suggesting the wholesale erection of inscribed columns, fountains, &c. Gilpin had a positive passion for ruins, whether natural or artificial. He apparently ranked ruins above unadorned examples of the same class, and deplored the vandalism that would restore them. The district contains numerous fragments of artificial ruins, some in very conspicuous positions, though none of much interest. They still appear to have been considered suitable down to the middle of the nineteenth century, as in the instance at Wray Castle. A "Hermitage" with thatched roof, portico of rough tree trunks, and windows of "Gothick" shape, was put up about 1800 by Sir Wilfred Lawson on St. Herbert's Isle in Derwentwater. On the same

place a Mr. Joseph Pocklington, who came from Nottinghamshire, put up a whole series of buildings on Vicar's Island, which he purchased in 1778. They were not at all what they appeared to be, and ranged from a bogus Druidical circle to a make-believe church and a couple of sham forts. This sort of thing was no doubt appreciated by the local boatmen and guides, but was disapproved by critics, though not severely. They were gone, or remodelled, by the time of "Green's Guide" of 1817.

In the opinion of the Picturesque school, the colour of houses was governed principally, and the site itself to a great extent, by the principle of inconspicuousness. White as a colour for building offended against this principle, but it was nevertheless popular with the general public. White houses, it was said, broke up the view into triangles. Houses of the local slate were roughcast as a matter of course, not left mortarless on the outside as after the mid-nineteenth century, and Green, whose "Guide" and careful drawings did much to encourage appreciation of the local style, complained of much "paring and plastering" of old buildings. Wordsworth endorsed Sir Joshua Reynolds' dictum of "See what is the colour of the soil." He had to admit exceptions where the soil was very dark or, as in the coastal region, bright red. By 1835 he could report that

"a proper colouring for houses is now becoming universal." The real objection was to any reminder at all of the presence of man in a landscape. Houses were then recommended to be surrounded by trees, not so much for shelter as to protect the romantically minded passer-by from seeing any evidence of habitation. By 1820 the reaction against this "hiding away houses in the corners of fields" was under way.

When Green wrote, what was called "Modern Gothic" was in full popularity. It was admitted that this was a style which had never been used in the Middle Ages, but it was considered to be compounded of the mediæval "Church Gothic" and "Castle Gothic." In Sir George Knott's house at Coniston Waterhead, built in the last years of the eighteenth century, "the pointed arched windows on the projecting front, and the elegant crosses on the gables are strictly Church, while the label mouldings on the square windows, and the square bastions with turrets and porticoes, incline to the Castle Gothic."

The extremes of the Gothic style were generally reserved either for the greater seats, of which something striking was expected, or the little *jeux d'esprit* such as summer-houses. But a style not widely different from the per-Adamite Georgian was in the first decades of

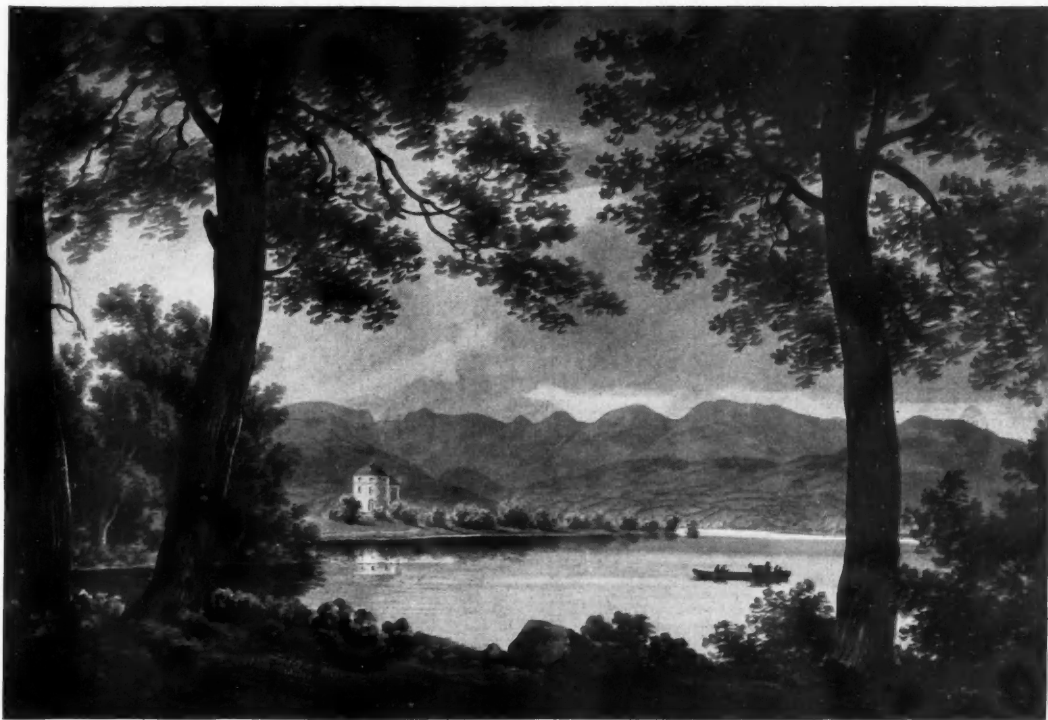
the nineteenth century quite common, and was often simply called "the modern style." Its looks were not much vaunted, and it was usually expressed by such kindly meant phrases as "rather for convenience than display" or "comfort is studied more than ostentation." The style of house usually indicated by phrases such as these, looked forward towards the neo-Gothic style by having projecting eaves, and backward towards the Georgian by the pillars and entablature of its doorway and its air of uprightness and symmetry. Bigger windows were a then modern improvement.

It is easier to point to examples of striking styles in the open country upon its borders, where lay the richest estates, than in the Lake District itself. Indeed, eccentricity is lacking just where one might expect it. "Most of the Lake Villas," we are told in 1822, "are built rather for comfort than ostentatious display." Gate-lodges and the cottage *ornée* continued to enjoy a little more latitude. "Projecting eaves, windows with iron mullions, lozenge chimneys, and verandas are all that can be admitted into Gothic cottage architecture." Nearly all the larger houses whose elevations are shown in the borders of Crosthwaite's maps, and of which most indeed were only erected since the Lakes became known to sightseers, are frankly Georgian.

It does, indeed, seem that, early in the nineteenth century, there was a strong reaction towards plainness, utility and even baldness. "Why," asks Wordsworth in the 1835 edition of his "Description," "should the genius that directed the ancient architecture of these vales have deserted them? For the bridges, churches, mansions, cottages and their richly-fringed and flat-roofed outhouses . . . have been substituted structures in which baldness only seems to have been studied, or plans of the most vulgar utility. But some improvement may be looked for in future; the gentry recently have copied the old models."

Of course, we should like to think that Wordsworth had in view only those genuine old models which we approve to-day. But can we safely assume that he did not mean the "Modern Gothic"? He would have been inclined to despise too close an acquaintance with historical detail except in so far as it might arise from his own observation. On the other hand, the more modern styles which Wordsworth condemned are often the very ones with which for us nowadays are associated the thoughts of old-fashioned leisure and dignity.

The moral of all this seems to be that nothing wears so well as utilitarianism, and as a matter of fact the Picturesque school, when speaking of structures already old in their own time, were the very people to illustrate this truth.



BELLE ISLE. FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY J. C. (WARWICK) SMITH  
In the possession of F. S. Chance, Esq.



RYDAL MOUNT.

RYDAL MOUNT. AN ETCHING BY WILLIAM GREEN, 1821  
Wordsworth's House. Traditional and early nineteenth century Lake District architecture



# FARM MANAGEMENT

BY C. S. ORWIN

**A** FEW words spoken by the Minister of Agriculture in a broadcast to farmers recently may, when they come to be implemented, do more to improve the farmer's business methods than all the efforts of the economic advisory services. In announcing the new schedule of agricultural prices Mr. Hudson said that as these would give large profits to the occupiers of the better land, it was the intention of the Government to limit the option now enjoyed by farmers of assessment to income tax on the basis of their rents (Schedule B), and to assess them for the future on their profits (Schedule D), thus bringing them into line with other producers.

The importance of book-keeping as a guide to management is recognised in businesses of all kinds, and the neglect of it in farming, as a general practice, has long been a matter of comment. Farm management surveys made in various parts of the country suggest that less than twenty-five per cent. of those engaged in farming practise any systematic form of accountancy. Farming, like many other human activities, has been industrialised during the past 200 years, evolving from an organisation mainly on a family basis for self-supply into one on a capitalist basis catering for the market. But this evolution has not proceeded very far. Agriculture has never developed to the stage of joint-stock finance or to that of intense specialisation in management and labour. The manager supplies all the capital; he controls every department; he is both works manager and sales manager combined, and on the greater number of agricultural holdings it is probable that on some days, if not on all, he takes a hand along with his men in the actual labour of food production.

## THE NECESSITY FOR ACCOUNTS

It is not unnatural, therefore, if the farmer tends to think that his functions are best exercised in the field and in the market, and that the time which most business men spend in their offices has no place in his daily routine. On the other hand, there is no doubt whatever that the practice of some form of accountancy is essential to efficiency in farm management. Every farmer ought to know where his money is going. He ought to be in a position to compare one year's expenditure with that of previous years, and to ask himself the reason for any changes disclosed. The labour bill is up—"Well, of course it is, have not wages risen?" "Yes, but is it not possible that this rise can be set off by some reorganisation? Would the installation of a milking machine be justified? Is there scope for the introduction of a tractor?"

Or perhaps the receipts from bullocks have been declining year by year, whereas the milk income is steadily maintained. This may suggest introducing a milking bail on the land now devoted to grazing, while all sorts of other questions will occur when they stand out before the farmer in cold figures. It will be argued, of course, that any farmer worthy of the name is always thinking of these things, and no doubt this is true; but the fact remains that in the absence of systematic records he has nothing by which to confirm or correct his rule-of-thumb judgment.

There is nothing in farm accountancy to daunt anyone worthy to be entrusted with the management of land. For the guidance of the manager of the large farm, cost accounts are without doubt the best, and well worth the salary of a clerk to keep them. It would be difficult to persuade many farmers, however, that the necessary office staff and equipment is as essential to them as it is to other business men of the same standing, and while cost accounts must be left to the few who are able and willing to undertake them, there is no reason whatever why any farmer should not keep simple financial accounts, from which he can learn a great deal. There are text-books in plenty from which he can educate himself in methods, and the Ministry of Agriculture publishes a leaflet describing an excellent and simple system. In every country town there are accountants who will balance his books for him at the end of his financial year, while even

in the villages a tradesman's clerk can often be found who will come in from time to time for an evening, to give the farmer help with the routine of writing up his books—a task which will always be somewhat uncongenial to him.

## THE USE OF BOOK-KEEPING

It must never be forgotten, however, that there is no virtue in keeping accounts for their own sake, nor must they come to be regarded merely as the means to making an income-tax return. The farmer must not only keep accounts but he must learn to use them. As year follows year, he must always be studying the results of his work as disclosed by his accounts, asking himself why some expenditure has gone up, why some receipts have gone down, and never being satisfied with what he is doing on the land so long as he is dissatisfied with the results as they appear before him in his books. Here again there is help available to him, and he can have it for the asking. The Advisory Agricultural Economists appointed in every advisory province of the kingdom are always ready, themselves or through their staffs, to

consider financial records submitted to them, and in consultation with the farmer on his farm to assist him to draw the lessons from them that they teach.

These remarks are prompted by a perusal of a book just published—"Farm Management," by Mr. K. W. D. Campbell, Lecturer in Agriculture in the University of Reading (The English Universities Press, Ltd., 8s. 6d.). The author does not set out to teach book-keeping, but he emphasises the importance of the administrative side of farming as distinct from the technical side. There are chapters on wages, insurance and credit; on the procedure on entering and leaving a farm; notes upon some aspects of the law of landlord and tenant; and a final chapter on taxation of the land, farm valuations and other records necessary for farm accountancy and the information of the manager. Professor J. A. Scott Watson contributes a foreword, and the book will take its place in the comparatively small section of the agricultural library which is devoted to the farmer's business. Indirectly, however, Mr. Hudson may well prove to be the finest instructor in book-keeping which the farmer has had so far.

## FARMING NOTES

### TRENCHES AND BOMB-CRATERS—WINTER BEANS—KITCHEN WASTE FOR PIGS

**S**OME of the trenches and other defence works carried out on farmland are interfering seriously with the ploughing programme. One field I was shown last week is intercepted with deep trenches which make it quite useless from the cropping or the stocking point of view. The local War Agricultural Committee would like the farmer to plough this land, and he is quite prepared to do so, but in its present state it is quite unworkable. A good many of these defence works were carried out in a great hurry, and it is very doubtful whether they are really necessary for the nation's security. It seems to be generally agreed now that ploughing is an adequate precaution against a field being used by enemy aircraft. In some districts where a good deal of trench digging has been done it would greatly help if the military authorities agreed that land destined for arable cropping need no longer be "immobilised" in this way. Of course, the filling in of the trenches will be quite a big business, beyond the capacity of a good many small farmers. In most parts of the country there are now a good many troops stationed in the villages, and they could very well be turned on to filling in these trenches and restoring the land for the purpose of food production. Apart from the individual farmer's difficulty in getting sufficient labour to do the job, this is not a charge which he can fairly be expected to meet.

Bomb craters present another problem. A big hole with the sub-soil thrown out for yards around takes a good deal of filling, but as these are the acts of the enemy and not of a Government department, there is little hope of getting the military or anybody else to restore the land for food-production purposes. Some farmers I know have set about filling up craters, and if they can do so, well and good. But some of our downlands will carry these pock marks to posterity. No doubt in a hundred years or so they will look much the same as the old chalk pits which mark many fields in the southern counties.

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It would be all to the good if there were a big increase in the acreage of winter beans grown this autumn. It is a crop to which we have not paid enough attention in recent years. In the heavy-land districts most farmers used to grow quite a big acreage and made themselves largely self-supporting in protein feed for their cattle. Since the introduction of the Wheat Act wheat has been more profitable than beans and the acreage has dropped heavily. Now we all want to regain a greater measure of self-sufficiency. One obvious way is to grow more beans. The Government have made

certain of the supply of seed beans by requisitioning what remained of the 1939 crop of winter beans. These can now be bought through merchants. The price looks high—95s. a quarter—but even so, beans are likely to be a worth-while crop. The cash yield per acre, with both beans and wheat fixed in price at 14s. 6d. per hundredweight, puts a premium on wheat. Beans do not usually yield so big a weight per acre as wheat—about 15cwt. against 17½cwt. There is also the wheat straw to be taken into account. Bean straw has little use except for litter, while wheat straw is bought readily by the merchants at 60s. per ton baled on the farm. It seems a pity that some price encouragement has not been given to bean-growing in the same way as it has been given to potato-growing.

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More farmers are now reducing their breeding herds of pigs. The local auctioneer who runs the collecting centre for the Ministry of Food tells me that the entries of fat sows for the next few weeks come from almost every farmer who runs pigs, and he foresees a general reduction of about 50 per cent. in the number of breeding stock. This is what the Government want, judging by Ministerial pronouncements. The pig-feeder is only allowed one-third of his normal quantity of purchased feeding-stuffs, and unless he can make up the deficiency with kitchen waste he is not likely to maintain the business at full strength. I cannot see any farmers growing barley to feed to their pigs. There is a reasonably good demand for malting samples at about 80s. a quarter, and this kind of price makes the feeding of sound barley to pigs a very extravagant business. If they will take the trouble, there is no question that many of the farmers could maintain their herds of pigs very largely on kitchen waste. The Cornish farmer, Mr. Garceau, who spoke on the wireless the other evening, showed what enterprise will do. He is now making a door-to-door collection of kitchen waste in Newquay, and he gets what he wants for the cost of collecting. Some of the big towns are also busy on this line. Mr. Allchurch, the Cleansing Officer at Portsmouth, who spoke in the same broadcast as Mr. Garceau, told us what Portsmouth is doing. If one big town can provide the food for over 2,000 pigs for farms in the neighbourhood, the number of pigs which could be maintained in the country if every town saved all its kitchen waste would surely run into several millions and remove the need for any reduction in the pig population.

The trouble is to get farmers moving even in the areas quite close to big towns. The

most economical arrangement, of course, is for a farmer to load up with kitchen waste from the municipal dump when he brings his milk or other produce into the town. If he is delivering milk regularly every day the cartage of the kitchen waste presents no great difficulty. It must, of course, be boiled when it reaches the farm, but once a boiler has been fitted up this is no great trouble, and there is no question about the value of boiling in increasing the food value of kitchen waste, especially when it contains such material as potato peelings, pea-

pods, and other rather tough stuff which the pig cannot digest readily. Proper boiling is also absolutely essential from the health point of view. There have been all too many outbreaks of swine fever due to insufficient boiling, and we know from many years' experience how tenacious the germ of foot-and-mouth disease is in imported meat which comes here from countries which always have foot-and-mouth disease. There are parts of the country where no supplies of kitchen waste are available from towns or military camps. But the man

who wants to keep together his herd of pigs can help himself by getting the local school-children to collect acorns and chestnuts. These make quite good food for pigs and will eke out the limited quantity of purchased feeding-stuffs. They need to be cooked properly and fed in limited amounts.

CINCINNATUS.

A Royal Warrant has been granted to Messrs. Wm. Gaymer and Son Ltd., of London and Attleborough, Norfolk, as Purveyors of Cyder to His Majesty The King. This firm held the warrant of appointment to the late King George V from 1928.

## GOLF BY BERNARD DARWIN

### ON CLEEVE HILL

It is a truth universally accepted, to which I must have before referred, that to praise the view from a golf course is to risk the casting of an oblique slur on the quality of the golf. Yet sometimes that risk must be run because the view is so overpoweringly beautiful, and this is the case with Cleeve Hill, with towers above Cheltenham. A kind friend came there lately on a breezy autumn day; we went with sandwiches in our pockets, golfing-sticks and not golf clubs in our hands, and wandered up and down—mostly as it seemed to me up—on that noble stretch of green turf at our own sweet will. The drive there, through the more unfrequented of Cotswold roads, through Brockhampton and Charlton Abbots, was alone worth the money, with the cloud shadows rushing across the hills and valleys on either side of us. We ate our sandwiches in the car by the roadside, looking at the Malvern hills and the Black Mountain in the distance, with a great stretch of plain between them and us, and Tewkesbury Abbey wonderfully white in the middle of it, lit by a splash of sunlight. Then we began to climb, and we climbed and we clomb (if that be a better form) until we came at last to Cleeve Cloud, which is, I believe, the highest point of the Cotswolds, and there, save for one intervening hill, we had this panorama of view all round us. The view from another Gloucestershire course, Stinchcombe Hill, is wonderful, but I really think—however, "let us have no capparisons," for both are heavenly.

The turf is pleasant to walk on, both crisp and springy, and must, I feel sure, at the right season be dotted with little golden spots of crowsfoot. The wind blew on this occasion temperately, but my guide assured me he had sometimes been blown nearly off his feet there;

the air was beautifully fresh, and altogether I had a reminiscent feeling of my dear old friend Royston. There is something of the same sense of space, the same hills and valleys and gullies running up into the hills, but everything is on a bigger scale, and, moreover, there are quarries—as it seemed to me an almost unlimited number of them. Some of them are quarries *in esse*, deep, stony and terrible, in which I should imagine the erring player must abandon hope. Others were quarries once, but the kindly turf has covered them, so that they make fine broken country, doubtless unpleasant if you get into it, but giving no cause for despair. There are also patches of gorse and a sufficiency of rough grass, so that the spectator's first impression of unlimited room doubtless turns out an illusion when he has a club in his hand. On such ground some holes must obviously be better than others, because you have got to get up and you have got to get down, and the doing of those two things does not produce the best kind of golf. Even on that noblest of golfing hills at Gullane the ascent and descent are not quite worthy. So I think it no shame to say that, as I walked steadily up and up the long slope to Cleeve Cloud against the wind, I did not want to play the eighth hole, and believed my guide when he said he had always found it depressing. On the other hand, there were other holes that looked really engaging and made my unaccustomed fingers itch for a club.

I was too lame and too lazy to walk all the way round, and in any case the description of holes to someone who has never seen them is, as Mr. Smangle remarked, "dry work." Still, I may mention one or two that pleased me. There was the third, for example. I know not how good a hole it may be judged

by the strictest canons, but I liked it because it had a dear, old-fashioned green in a hollow, surrounded by grassy hills, the remains no doubt of old quarryings. As my friend said, "When you once get in you can't get out," but that suggests a crater, where the ball must run round and round till it ends near the flag. That would be a quite unjust impression to give, for the green is flat. Therefore, though it must be good fun to pant up the slope and look over the edge to see what has befallen you, you must not, I imagine, expect any lucky kicks and your fate will be in accordance with your shot. At any rate, rightly or wrongly, I liked that hole, and I am quite sure that the next, a short hole over all manner of tumid, tussocky country to a small green, must be good. On one side of the green is a low bank, and I said that clearly that was the side to aim. "Oh, is it?" answered my friend, and pointed out that over that bank there lurked, unseen from the tee, a quarry. Quarries abounded at another short hole, which I admit I only saw in the distance—the fifteenth; and, to name only one more, the sixth looked a good two-shotter to me, for there is another quarry, unless I am mistaken, and a drop into gorsy country on the right, and the green is admirably small. In short,

Broken is the ground.

Which doth that little charmed spot surround.

Altogether—and Sapper, the ancient terrier who came with us, quite agreed—it was one of the pleasantest walks I had been for a long while, with the war seeming almost shamefully far off. We came home by another road, past the Roman villa at Chedworth, and Casey Compton with its ghostly yews, and Stowells, where all the Scotts learned to play golf so well, and, if I could be more in love with the Cotswolds than before, I was.



Dixon Scott

Copyright

SUNSET FROM CLEEVE HILL. "THE MALVERN HILLS AND THE BLACK MOUNTAIN IN THE DISTANCE, WITH A GREAT STRETCH OF PLAIN BETWEEN THEM AND US"



# CORRESPONDENCE

## "BRITISH OFFICERS PRISONERS OF WAR IN GERMANY"

TO THE EDITOR

SIR,—With reference to the photograph of British officers prisoners of war in Germany, in your October 5th number, I should like to inform you that the officer without coat—sixth from the left, second row from the back—is Second Lieutenant R. H. Pepper, R.A., of the 60th A.A. Regiment, R.A. He was in my old battery, the 169th, and was taken prisoner near Abbeville.—J. H. LAWRENCE, Captain, 354th H.A.A. Battery, A.A. Practice Camp.

SIR,—In the photograph of British officers prisoners of war in Germany, I am very pleased to be able to identify one who was "missing" the last time I heard of him. He is fourth from the left in the second row, and his name is L. Harwood Renton. He was in my platoon in the H.A.C. for several years, and was commissioned, I believe, in the West Surreys. If you care to ring up the secretary of the H.A.C., he can tell you to which unit Renton belonged. I was delighted to see his photograph, as he went through the last war and has a wife and family who lived at Epsom. Also in the photograph, two to the right of Renton, is "Tiny" Pepper, in a pullover. He was an officer in the 60th H.A.A. Regiment.—C. G. STRONG, Second Lieut., 354th H.A.A. Battery, A.A. Practice Camp.

SIR,—In the photograph of officers who are prisoners of war in Oflag IXA the officer third from the right, front row, is Second Lieutenant Barton of the R.A.S.C., and the officer third from the left in the back row is Lieutenant Hugh Tait, R.A.M.C.—A. B.

SIR,—I have been shown the photograph of Oflag IXA Prisoners of War Camp appearing in your issue of October 5th. My son, Captain E. C. Stubbs, Queen's Royal Regiment, is second from the left in the third row from the top.—F. E. STUBBS, 37, Mount Ephraim Lane, Streatham, S.W.16.

SIR,—In the photograph of the "British Prisoners of War in Germany" my husband, Major C. E. Feneley, R.A., is in the second row, fifth from the left.—M. A. FENELEY, Penllyn, Llysane, Cardiff.

[Major Feneley is also identified by Mr. Edmund de Rothschild, who writes: "Major Feneley was at Forges-les-eaux at an R.A. base, and went forward as part of an advance party. He was never seen or heard of again."—ED.]

SIR,—We were most interested in the photograph of the group of officers prisoners of war in Oflag IXA, Germany, as our son, Second Lieut. Blackburn, is there. We think that our son may be in this group, but it is a little doubtful. They all look rather grim, and I am afraid that they are having a very terrible time, as food is short. We have not heard from our son since June 21st.—MADELINE BLACKBURN, Sundridge, Cyprus Road, Nottingham.



A FOURTEENTH CENTURY CHURCH IN KENT, DAMAGED BY AN INCENDIARY BOMB

SIR,—I have identified the following in your photograph on page 309 of your issue of COUNTRY LIFE for October 5th: Mr. R. R. Calkin, Toc H, left of third row (standing); 2nd Lieutenant R. G. H. Dunn, Black Watch, left of second row (sitting); 2nd Lieutenant I. Hunter, Black Watch, second from left of back row; Captain F. Murphy, Black Watch, fourth from right of back row (black moustache); Lieutenant-Quartermaster Shortman, Black Watch, right of second row (sitting); Lieutenant Husband, D.L.I., right of front row.—R. L. CRAIG, Chaplain, 1st Batt. Tyneside Scottish, Black Watch.

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to the photograph reproduced in your issue of October 5th, of British officers prisoners of war in Germany, as my son is a prisoner of war at the camp known as Oflag IXA. It gave my wife and myself very great pleasure indeed to recognise our son as the first on the left on the bottom row. My son's name and description are: 2nd Lieutenant Robert B. Smailes, 1st K.O.Y.L.I., and he was taken prisoner in Norway in April last. I shall be very much interested to hear of any further identifications which you may obtain.—THOMAS SMAILES, 25, Market Place, Huddersfield.

## HIGH TENSION FOR RELAXATION

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—A frequent sight at this time of year is birds perched aloft on the electric supply wires. Here is a photograph, taken on the South Downs, of a flock of starlings lined up on the high-tension Grid cables. These wires carry thousands of volts, yet the birds sit happily as if upon harmless telephone or telegraph wires. Many of us were anxious when the Grid system came into operation about the effect of its wires on bird life. We feared that many birds would collide with the cables, but the thick wires are easily seen and, as said, afford good perches.—P.



THE STARLINGS' LIVE PERCHES

## SAVED FROM SERIOUS DAMAGE

TO THE EDITOR

SIR,—This fine old church in Kent, dating from the fourteenth century, was threatened by fire recently when an incendiary bomb landed on the lead roof of the tower. It melted the lead, fell through to the bells beneath, and set fire to the timbers supporting the bells. Fortunately, the fire was noticed in time, and the local fire brigade soon got it under control.—GORDON B. HERD.

## WYCOLLAR HALL

TO THE EDITOR

SIR,—I was interested in Mr. Harold Grainger's photograph of the fireplace at Old Wycollar Hall, near Colne, Lancashire, which was formerly the home of my ancestors of the Cunliffe family. It became theirs by marriage in Charles I's reign of Nicholas Cunliffe with the heiress of the Hartleys of Wycollar. There is a nineteenth-century picture entitled "Open House at Wycollar in the Reign of Charles II," which shows

the great hearth in the background, and the scene is described by Baines in his "History of Lancashire," from an MS. in the possession of the Cunliffe family:

"At Wycollar Hall the family usually kept open house the twelve days before Christmas. This entertainment was in a large hall of curious ashlar work. Plenty of furnety like new milk, husked wheat, boiled and roast beef, with a fat goose. A roundabout fireplace surrounded with stone benches where the young folk sat and cracked nuts and diverted themselves."

The well known ghost of Wycollar Hall, described by Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe in his novel "Mistress Barbara Cunliffe," is a horseman who dashes up past the gates of the Hall, makes his way up to a room from which dreadful screams are heard, then descends and remounts and gallops away.

In 1841 the Rev. J. Oldham of Dulwich, to whom "the cock-fighting squire" Henry Cunliffe Owen had mortgaged Wycollar, foreclosed and allowed the building to fall into its present state of ruin. It was subsequently bought by a Mr. Richard Hartley who claimed to be a descendant of the mediæval Hartleys of Wycollar.—VERONICA SURTEES (née CUNLIFFE).

## SEVERN CORACLE MEN

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Readers who listened to the recent broadcast about rabbit-catching on the banks of the Severn by an Ironbridge coracle man, might be interested to see the enclosed photograph of two of the Rogers family in one of their coracles. As will be seen, the Severn coracle, as now made at Ironbridge by this family, is just large enough to hold two men.

In the background is Telford's famous bridge, the first cast-iron bridge, which has given rise to the town which bears its name. It is now only used as a footbridge.—M. W.



A CORACLE AT IRONBRIDGE

SOLUTION to No. 560

The winner of this crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of October 19th, will be announced next week.

ASTROKEOFLUCK  
WIKIAMPAUS  
IRIDIUMOCCIPUT  
NLLLESYIO  
GILLIRISHSTEW  
CESSAUULA  
OUTWARDMAUDLIN  
MILIC  
MASONICSWINISH  
AATOAARE  
NEWSPRINTSKEW  
DFFLOCAASO  
EDITIONTURMOIL  
RSAAEUNMD  
SHORTTEMPEDED

ACROSS.

- 1 and 6. A saint and her emblem (two words, 9, 5)  
9. A South American fore-runner of the tank (9)  
10. Unacademic form of speech (5)  
11. If the hindquarters go to father, what part of the horse must it be? (7)  
12. It takes the road over (7)  
13. In a charge the alternative to do (3)  
14. Girls are always in them, even when they are exclusively composed of boys (7)  
17. Wear set to wear but with a difference (7)  
19. "And my large kingdom for a little grave.  
A little little grave, an ——— grave."  
—Shakespeare (7)  
22. "Sites go" (anagr.) (7)  
24. An imposition still to be faced after leaving school (3)  
25. Prayers adapted for dealing with incendiary bombs (7)

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 561

A prize of books to the value of 2 guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 561, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the **first post on the morning of Friday, November 1st, 1940.**

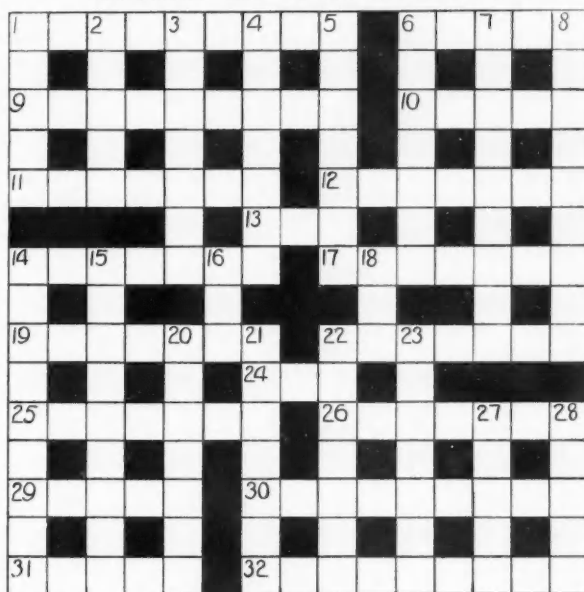
The winner of Crossword No. 559 is  
Cecil Lewis Esq., 14, South Parade, W.4.

26. "You know who — are? the men who have failed in literature and art."  
—Disraeli (7)  
29. They are part of his lesson in geography (5)  
30. Putting back (9)  
31 and 32. The kangaroos' progress (three words, 5, 3, 6)

DOWN.

1. It will constrict the finest swimmer's style (5)  
2. They are bound to make heavy reading (5)  
3. Such things go on and on (7)  
4. Longer 29s (7)  
5. Develops (7)  
6. "Get a saw" (anagr.) (7)  
7. Withdraws: to a quieter region probably (9)  
8. "Large suit" (anagr.) (9)  
14. Evidently not Sweet William to the other birds (9)  
15. Cook's objective (9)  
16 and 18. Creature that gives protection against noise? (6)  
20. It was his purpose "to sail beyond the sunset" (7)  
21. Part of Italy in Staffordshire (7)  
22. Not cut out when it's a matter of paying duty (7)  
23. South American river (7)  
27. He was attached to 6 across (5)  
28. Age at sea? They must have learned wisdom (5).

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 561



Name.....

Address.....

BLOODSTOCK AUCTIONS

YEARLINGS SOLD AT DUBLIN AND NEWMARKET

TO attempt to compare the results of the bloodstock auctions of to-day with those of other years would be useless, for the simple reason that no other year has presented conditions analogous to the present one. Under existing conditions the aggregate of 15,662gs., which was obtained by Messrs. Goff for the 294 yearlings which changed hands at their recent Dublin auction, must be considered eminently satisfactory. True, buyers obtained bargains both there and at the later sale held by Messrs. Tattersall at Newmarket, but that is a common enough occurrence even in peace-time, and the mere fact that there is a market, as there obviously is, even if it is a depressed one, is good evidence of the intention of all connected with the industry to carry on.

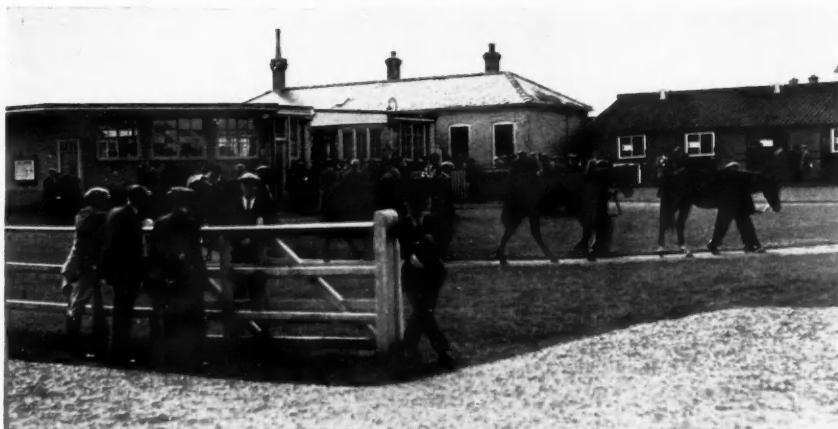
Though difficulties of travel prevented the usually large contingent of owners and trainers making the journey from England, there was a good attendance round the ring, and on the first day—the Tuesday—Mr. O'Ferrall paid the price of the session, for that matter, of the sale, when he gave the executors of the late Dan Sullivan 775gs. for a chestnut March-ford filly by the St. Leger winner, Fairway,

from the Roseland mare, Bower of Roses. The only offspring of her sire in the catalogue, this filly is a half-sister to the Irish Derby winner, Rosewell, is from a dam who earned eight brackets worth £2,324, including one in the Irish Cesarewitch, and was obviously purchased by Mr. O'Ferrall with a view to her later value as a matron at his Kildangan Stud. Second highest prices of the sale were the two sums of 600gs. that were given respectively by the Anglo-Irish Bloodstock Agency for a Mahmoud gelding belonging to the Aga Khan, and by Captain R. P. Gill for a March-foaled chestnut of fine

quality, half-sister by Fair Trial to Portlaw, Overmist and Hyndford Bridge, who emanated from the Knockany Stud. At 460gs. the Anglo-Irish Agency, who were busy throughout the auction, took a bay February-foaled colt by the Two Thousand Guineas winner, Colombo, out of Zaretta, a winning half-sister by Hainault to the fast Queen Mary Stakes heroine, Atbara. These, with the 370gs. which Mr. J. McVeigh disbursed for a bay March-foaled colt by Caerleon from the Irish Two Thousand Guineas and Oaks winner, Sol Speranza, a half-sister to the dam of Windsor Lad, and the 310gs. which Mr. E. O'Sullivan gave for

a three-parts sister to Finalist by the Ascot Gold Cup winner, Tiberius, were the best figures of the sale, and their return gave both vendors and buyers a feeling of security where-with to face the music at Newmarket for the Second October Sales.

Rarely, if ever, have auctioneers had to stand up against such a conglomeration of difficulties as faced Messrs. Gerald Deane and Robert Needham — representing Messrs. Tattersall's — at Headquarters. The abandonment of racing, with which the Sales were intended to be intermingled, was the first



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PADDOCKS AT THE "WAR-TIME" SECOND OCTOBER SALES



difficulty, and this was increased a hundred-fold by the present chaotic postal service rendering rapid communication between sellers and buyers an impossibility. To add to the confusion, Mr. Deane was knocked off his cycle by a motor car while patrolling his section of the Home Guard, and was for some days in a serious condition with concussion and fractured ribs, and at the very last moment Mr. Bob Needham went down to an attack of bronchitis and was not able to attend the sales. Despite this series of unfortunate happenings a representative, if not large, company of enthusiasts gathered round the rostrum when Mr. Deane opened selling soon after 10 a.m. From then until noon proceedings verged on the pathetic. Captain Elsey from Malton took a well made brown colt, with sound understandings, by Bahram from a half-sister to the Derby winner, Felstead, for 130gs.; the same buyer was almost presented with a colt of like colour by Cecil, from a daughter of Donnetta, when he paid only 160gs. for him, and an own-brother to Covenanter by Cameronian from Micmac was allowed to change hands for 5gs. These are only in-

stances; many more could be quoted, but the change came about when a half-bred bay colt from Lady Barbara Smith's stud entered the ring. Claiming the Derby and St. Leger winner, Hyperion, as his sire and the Ascot Gold Cup winner, Quashed, as his dam, he seemed a valuable property except for his ineligibility for entry in the General Stud Book (and so comparative uselessness as a future sire). He brought the Chester trainer, Mr. C. A. Cowie, Captain Elsey from Malton, and Mr. Lawrence of Balsham, into competition, with the result that 1,400gs. was reached before the hammer fell to the successful bid of Mr. Cowie. Next to this, the 700gs. which Mr. Jack Jarvis, the Park Lodge trainer, gave for Hare Bell was the highest price noted at the sale. Claiming the French Derby and Grand Prix de Paris winner, Mieuxce, as her sire, Hare Bell is a well made, reachy brown filly, foaled in March, from the Blandford mare, Campanula, a winner of the One Thousand Guineas and three other races worth in all £10,228, who, like Vesperian, Reveillon and Belfry, came from Vesper Bell, she by Pommern. Besides her obvious attraction as a race mare,

her breeding gives her a paddock value that did not escape her new owner's eye. Down the list again, Mr. James McLean paid 500gs. for an almost equally attractively bred bay filly by the St. Leger winner, Fairway, out of Phi-Phi, a Stedfast mare, who is also responsible for the Lincolnshire Handicap and Victoria Cup winner, Phakos. Mr. Olding paid 300gs. for a well knit-up, short-bodied colt by Colorado's brother, Caerleon, from the Molyneux Cup winner, Ann Hathaway, and Mr. McLean was again in the market for a brown filly by the same sire out of Coronach's daughter, Correa, and took her at 200gs.

Lots sold at the first session gave a total of 6,362gs. The catalogue on the second day was a mixed one. Yearlings, mares and foals, horses in training and a stallion were listed. Prices averaged out on a lower scale, but were sufficiently good to prove that these bloodstock auctions, even in these trying times, are a necessity to help breeders dispose of their surplus stock. Messrs. Tattersall are holding a further auction next week, and it is their present intention to carry out the December Sales as usual. ROYSTON.

## THE ESTATE MARKET

### SALE OF A LINCOLNSHIRE SEAT

**A**N Oxford college has just acquired an extensive estate on the outskirts of Lincoln. It is Canwick, and the vendors are the Hon. Mrs. Dudley Pelham and Mrs. Walter Lambert. The 1,150 acres have a rent roll of £2,644 a year.

Lord Liverpool holds a lease of the mansion of Canwick, and there are three residences of a secondary type, five farms, and thirty or more good cottages. For many years Canwick was the property of the Sibthorpe family, one of whose members sat in Parliament for Lincoln. Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff and Messrs. Tinsley and Laverack were the agents for the vendors, and Messrs. Warmington and Co. acted for the college.

Next Monday (October 28th), Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff, acting under instructions from the Public Trustee, are to offer by auction in York the East Riding estate of Grimthorpe, including the Manor House, and 552 acres in the parish of Pocklington. The whole of the land has been carefully farmed for many years by the owner-occupier, and it includes 206 acres of arable, 220 acres of fertile pasture, and 126 acres of woods. The house overlooks the lovely country of the Plain of York.

#### IN RURAL HERTFORDSHIRE

**N**ORTHAW, not far from Hatfield and St. Albans, is also within walking distance of Little Berkhamsted, as lovers of Charles Lamb will recall, for, walking from the latter place, did he not lose his way near Northaw, after visiting a local inn and taking ale in the back parlour? Northaw is still rural, remarkably so seeing how

handy it is to London. The opportunity occurs, for anyone willing to pay about £5,000, to acquire a choice old Queen Anne residence there, known as Manor Fields. The house, comfortably fitted, with central heating and main services, stands in 3 acres of garden, 400ft. above sea level. The freehold is for sale by Messrs. Wilson and Co.

Two of the many recent Surrey sales effected by Messrs. Hampton and Sons are that of Ruckman's, Oakwood Hill, Dorking, a pleasant old gabled house and 107 acres, with secondary residence, and a garden that was laid out by the late Miss Gertrude Jekyll; and Highlands, 4 acres at Hydon Heath, near Godalming, a substantial house in pretty grounds.

Buckby Folly, a well known hunting-box in the heart of the Pytchley country, has been sold by Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff and the Earle Estate Office (Manchester), by order of Mrs. Hill. The house, model farmery, and 38 acres thus change hands.

#### LAND VALUES IN ROMNEY MARSH

**A** FEW days ago a successful auction of a large area of Romney Marsh land was held at Ashford by Messrs. W. and B. Hobbs and Mr. Hubert F. Finn-Kelcey. The principal lots included 380 acres in Brookland and Ivychurch, sold for £13,000, the rental being £500 a year; 83 acres, in the same parishes, for £3,000; as well as 134 acres let at £188, for £4,350. On the same occasion a Sussex freehold of 202 acres, let at £300 a year, in East Guldeford, realised £6,500. The Marsh sheep-farming is a highly specialised, and often a

heartbreaking, business, but its results have achieved fame for the breed in every part of the world.

It is sometimes said that "English land is a manufactured article," and it is true that there is little or no cultivated land in this country that has not arrived at its present excellence as the result of a very large outlay of money in draining, manuring, and so forth, through the centuries. But of Romney Marsh it is particularly true that we have to deal with a product of human industry, for this tract of 50,000 acres in the south-east corner of Kent includes some 24,000 acres (the part commonly called the Marsh) which was reclaimed from the sea largely as the result of Roman effort and engineering skill.

#### EARLY RECLAMATIONS

**M**UCH of the Marsh belonged in the Middle Ages to the Church, and the reclamation carried out by the ecclesiastical owners is remembered in such Romney Marsh place names as "St. Thomas's Innings"—reclaimed land was locally said to have been "Inned." The sea, as if it were resentful of the limits thus set to it, from time to time turned back with savagery upon the reclamations, and the destruction it wrought in 1287 is still recalled in the annals of Winchelsea. One of the last of the larger reclamations was made some sixty years ago by a firm of property developers, who bought about 200 acres from the Corporation of New Romney and initiated the buildings that now form Littlestone and Greatstone. From the earliest time the chief anxiety of the authorities of the Marsh has been to maintain and improve the sea defences, and, though the rates levied for the purpose are not exorbitant, they are a feature that has to be taken into account in valuing marsh-land. That there can be no relaxation of that burden will be evident when we state that much of the Marsh is twelve or more feet below high-water mark and that subsidence is continuing.

#### COBBETT'S PERPLEXITY

**C**OBETT, writing in 1823 in "Rural Rides," remarked what still strikes the traveller through Romney Marsh, namely, the number and magnitude of its churches, for which there is not, and never has been, any congregation exceeding, perhaps, forty or fifty people if all the parishioners could be assembled at one time. Cobbett says of one of the parishes in which property has just been sold, to wit Brenzett, "the church only a mile from Snargate (a village with 5 houses and a church that would hold 2,000 people) nearly as large and nobody to go into it. Who built them? Where did the means, where did the hands, come from? At Old Romney there is a church only two miles from the last, fit to contain 1,500 people, a parish of 22 or 23 houses." Mr. Alfred J. Burrows, the eminent East Kent estate agent, who has made a special study of Romney Marsh, advances the theory that the superabundance of large churches in the Marsh is due to the mediæval custom of seeking expiation by building and endowing churches. In his valuable and already rare summary of the past and present of the Marsh, Mr. Burrows quotes "Henry V," Act iv, scene 1, illustrating the religious motives of so much church-building for non-existent congregations. "The churches are still there, and a very uncanny feeling it gives most visitors to go into one of them and see the seating for many hundreds of people and a vast floor space, with, as a rule, little or no interior architectural adornment, the whole seeming as if it had long been decaying from disuse." ARBITER.



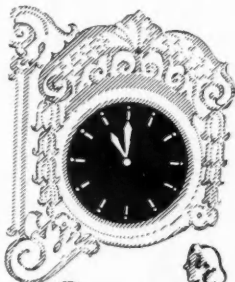
MANOR FIELDS, NORTHAW, HERTFORDSHIRE

*At all times—  
on all occasions*

# Your Best Beverage is Ovaltine

**THE CUP THAT CHEERS—  
NOURISHES—RESTORES**

**A**T 11 o'clock and 4 o'clock . . . at mealtimes and on all occasions when you feel the need for an energising and sustaining beverage, you will benefit most by drinking delicious 'Ovaltine.'



Remember—'Ovaltine' is far more than a stimulant. It is a food, providing concentrated nourishment to the entire system. This is your particular need, now that "fitness for service" is the national demand.

Moreover, in these days of food rationing, 'Ovaltine' will make your diet really complete. Prepared from Nature's finest foods, 'Ovaltine' provides all the nutritive elements essential to health. Its vitamin content is also outstanding.

#### SPECIAL PROPERTIES

'Ovaltine' is exceptional as a source of restorative nourishment. Obviously, no food beverage can be fully restoring unless these properties are derived from its ingredients. The special properties of 'Ovaltine' in this respect are largely derived from the eggs used in its manufacture. This is one important reason why 'Ovaltine' is the *complete* food beverage.

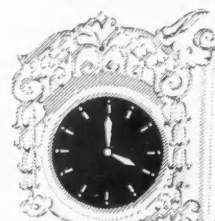
As a bedtime beverage, too, 'Ovaltine' has exceptional advantages. Independent scientific tests showed that 'Ovaltine' alone, taken at bedtime, cut down tossing and turning, and gave a feeling of being "better rested" in the morning.

#### QUALITY AND ECONOMY

Make 'Ovaltine' your constant stand-by. With all its advantages it is most economical. The smallest size tin makes 24 cupfuls. But be sure it is 'Ovaltine,' which is so different from imitations made to *look* the same.

Obviously, it would be easy to cheapen 'Ovaltine' by adding household sugar in its manufacture. It is much more economical, however, to add the sugar at home if required. It should be especially noted that although 'Ovaltine' does not contain household sugar, it is naturally sweet and the addition of sugar is unnecessary.

Remember, 'Ovaltine' is the food beverage most widely recommended by doctors everywhere. Packed in air-tight tins, 'Ovaltine' will "keep" indefinitely and it is easily prepared. If milk is not available, water can be used, as 'Ovaltine' itself contains milk. 'Ovaltine' can also be eaten dry—alone or with biscuits or as a sandwich.



*For all these reasons, 'Ovaltine' stands in a class alone. You will be wise to lay in extra supplies of 'Ovaltine' now.*

#### OVALTINE TABLETS

*An emergency ration for eating*



'Ovaltine' Tablets contain the energising and sustaining elements of 'Ovaltine.' Carry an emergency supply in your pocket or handbag. In two sizes, 1/3d. and 4d.



# PLEATED SKIRTS WITH PRACTICAL JACKETS

By ISABEL CRAMPTON

**P**LEATED skirts to coats and skirts are among the attractive things that are new—at least, newly in favour—this season. The change of line is very pleasant even if the full gored skirt, which made a bid for popularity last year but was more successful in the case of house dresses, has paved the way for it. The classical coat and skirt is still with us, cut as to the skirt on easier lines, but clever variety is very much to the fore. I liked a grey coat and skirt which I saw the other day, made from a plain material, and one with darker stripes, the stripes emphasising the pleats in the skirt and being used to edge the jacket. The red tweed suit by Jaeger (202, Regent Street, W.1, etc.) illustrated on this page shows a very good example of the pleated skirt. The neat and unexaggerated shoulder-line of the smart long jacket is very good too. The little photograph shows a coat for all occasions, also by Jaeger, in a lovely golden pile cloth with a belt of the same material and two nice large practical pockets.

I have just had such a good new catalogue from Messrs. Harvey Nichols (Knightsbridge, S.W.1) that I almost forgot the war in turning its pages, and yet it is most carefully arranged to give the greatest help to us all in the present circumstances. How one can dress cheerfully but not too expensively has been the problem of the authorities there. Simple things that will look good two years hence if need be, practical tweeds, warm dresses, good colours are their suggestions. A winter coat with a detachable hood and cape, a new turban cap with a higher crown and younger line, and some very smart coats and skirts—also, like Jaeger's, with pleated skirts—are points that particularly attracted my attention.



(Above)  
ALL OCCASIONS COAT  
IN GOLDEN YELLOW  
PILE CLOTH. (Jaeger)



(Left)  
NEW LONG JACKET  
AND PLEATED SKIRT  
IN RED TWEED.

(Jaeger)

Most of the people who do not like rabbit have only themselves or their cooks to blame, for they say "only rabbit," and neither take pains nor make good additions to it. Young rabbit cut in joints and soaked in salt and water for several hours, rinsed and cooked carefully can be as good as chicken. Rabbit pie, if well made, is excellent, and if you cannot get lemon or afford hard-boiled eggs for it use more onion, and serve red currant jelly, gooseberry jelly or damson cheese with it. Curried rabbit—using fresh meat as they do in India, not cold scraps—is another good way of cooking it; and baked, it may have either veal or pork stuffing according to taste. The gourmet who likes a little sherry or white wine and slices of orange in his recipes for veal or chicken should have the same instructions followed using rabbit and he will find it excellent.

MINISTRY



OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S

# FOOD

## FACTS No 13

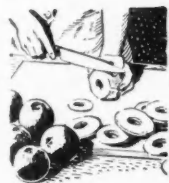
WE help the war effort if we buy what happens to be plentiful in our own locality. Stocks naturally vary a little in different parts of the country, but here is a "plenty list" which applies to most places:

HOME-KILLED MEAT • COFFEE • POTATOES  
OATMEAL • HOME-GROWN VEGETABLES

### ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

#### How to Dry Apples

We may be short of apples later in the year—through bringing munitions instead of apples in the ships from Canada. So here is a way of preserving the present supply—it can be used for windfalls or blemished fruit.



Wipe the apples, remove cores with a round corer and peel thinly. Cut out any blemishes. Slice into rings about  $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick. Steep the rings for 10 minutes in water containing  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ozs. salt to the gallon.

Thread the rings on sticks or spread on slatted trays or cake racks covered with muslin. Dry in a very cool oven (leaving the door open to let the steam escape) or over a hot cylinder or on the rack of a stove, until they resemble chamois leather. The temperature should not exceed 120° F. At this heat the process usually takes about 4 hours. Turn once or twice during drying. Cool for 12 hours, then pack in paper bags, tins or tins and store in a dry place.

#### How to Make Porridge

A double saucepan or porringer is excellent for making porridge. If you have not got one, use a 2 lb. stone jam jar in a saucepan of boiling water.

Allow 2 ozs. medium oatmeal to 1 pint water. Bring the water to the boil. Sprinkle in the oatmeal, stirring all the time. Sprinkle slowly so that the water does not go off the boil. Boil and stir for

5 minutes, then put in a level teaspoonful of salt. Cover the pan and simmer for about 45 minutes, stirring occasionally.

If you have a hay-box (see Food Facts No. 12 for how to make one) boil the porridge for 5 minutes as before, then leave in the hay-box all night. In the morning reheat and serve.

#### Two Ways with Swedes

##### BAKED

Swedes are delicious baked round the joint. Peel them thinly, cut into neat cubes and arrange round the meat in the baking tin. Baste from time to time. When they are golden brown they are ready.

##### MASHED

If preferred, boil the swedes in a very little salted water until tender. Drain (using the water for gravy) and mash with a little dripping. Add a dash of pepper and serve piping hot.

#### Home-Killed Meat

Buy home-killed meat—and so assist our farmers and help to build up our reserves of imported meat. This needn't increase your housekeeping bills. Home-killed second quality is as good as imported and just as cheap. For instance, home-killed second quality boneless silverside, which goes such a long way with carrots and dumplings, costs  $1\frac{1}{4}$ d per lb.

Beef cuts for stews are excellent bargains. Boneless neck of beef ( $1\frac{1}{2}$ d per lb. first quality and 1d. second quality) is ideal pie and pudding meat. You can make rich soups from clod and sticking, or knee joints (get the butcher to crack the bones for you).

Other economical cuts are brisket of beef, breast of mutton, sheep's hearts, hand with foot (pork), and knuckle of veal.

Turn on your wireless at 8.15 every morning to hear useful hints and recipes.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

## TAILORED SHIRTS

WITHOUT PURCHASE  
TAX . . . . .

#### FREE OF PURCHASE TAX

The garments illustrated can be supplied free of Purchase Tax while our present ample stocks last. Inevitably, however, some sizes and colours will be more quickly exhausted than others, and repeat orders in the future will be subject to the new tax.

We would therefore ask you for your order as early as possible, and for an alternative choice of colour.



Tailored in check washing silk, with shoulder yolk and front combined, and a youthful collar. In gay tartan colourings of gold/black, orange/green, blue/red, red/green and green/blue.

Sizes 13 to 14 $\frac{1}{2}$

45/9

Size 15

49/6

#### POST ORDERS

receive prompt  
and  
careful attention



A smart sports shirt in a spot woollen mixture, with neat turn-down collar and novel patch pockets. On navy, deep coral, maroon, and delphinium grounds. Sizes 13 to 14 $\frac{1}{2}$

25/9

Size 15 29/6

Also in plain-knit wool material in pastel blue, gold venetian red and rust. Sizes 13 to 14 $\frac{1}{2}$  27/9 Size 15, 32/9

## Debenham & Freebody

Langham 4444 WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.1 (Debenhams, Ltd.)



## "COUNTRY LIFE" HOTEL REGISTER

<b>LONDON</b> <b>ALMOND'S HOTEL.</b> Clifford Street, W.1. <b>BAILEY'S HOTEL.</b> Gloucester Road, S.W.7. <b>BASIL STREET HOTEL.</b> Knightsbridge, S.W. <b>BERKELEY HOTEL.</b> Piccadilly, W.1. <b>BROWN'S HOTEL.</b> Dover Street, W.1. <b>CADOGAN HOTEL.</b> Sloane Street, S.W.1. <b>CARLTON HOTEL.</b> Pall Mall, S.W.1. <b>CAVENDISH HOTEL.</b> Jermyn Street, W.1. <b>CLARIDGE'S HOTEL.</b> Brook Street, W.1. <b>COONAUGHT HOTEL.</b> Carlos Place, W.1. <b>DORCHESTER HOTEL.</b> Park Lane, W.1. <b>GORING HOTEL.</b> Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1. <b>ST. WESTERN ROYAL HOTEL.</b> Paddington. <b>GROSVENOR HOTEL.</b> Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. <b>GROSVENOR HOUSE.</b> Park Lane, W.1. <b>HOWARD HOTEL.</b> Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.2. <b>LANGHAM HOTEL.</b> Portland Place, W.1. <b>PARK LANE HOTEL.</b> Piccadilly, W.1. <b>PICCADILLY HOTEL.</b> Piccadilly, W.1. <b>RITZ HOTEL.</b> Piccadilly, W.1. <b>SAVOY HOTEL.</b> Strand, W.C.2. <b>SOUTH KENSINGTON HOTEL.</b> South Kensington, S.W.7. <b>WALDORF HOTEL.</b> Aldwych, W.C.2. <b>WASHINGTON HOTEL.</b> Curzon Street, W.1. <b>WILTON HOTEL.</b> Victoria, S.W.1.	<i>Continued—continued.</i> <b>ST. IVES.</b> TREGENNA CASTLE HOTEL. <b>ST. MAWES.</b> SHIRAZ AND CASTLE HOTEL. <b>TINTAGEL.</b> KING ARTHUR'S CASTLE HOTEL.  <b>CUMBERLAND</b> <b>CARLISLE.</b> CROWN AND MITRE HOTEL. <b>GLENRIDDING, PENRITH.</b> ULLSWATER HOTEL. <b>KESWICK (English Lakes).</b> ROYAL OAK HOTEL. <b>LOWESWATER.</b> SCALE HILL HOTEL.  <b>DEVONSHIRE</b> <b>BARNHAM (near Kingsbridge.)</b> THE SLOOP INN. <b>BARNSTAPLE.</b> IMPERIAL HOTEL. <b>BELSTONE (DARTMOOR).</b> CHERRY TREES. <b>RIGBURY BAY.</b> BURGH ISLAND HOTEL. <b>BOVEY TRACEY.</b> BLENHEIM GUEST HOUSE. <b>BUDLEIGH SALTERTON.</b> ROSEMULLION HOTEL. <b>CULLOMPTON.</b> CULLOMPTON HOTEL. <b>DARTMOUTH.</b> KALEIGH HOTEL. STRETE, MANOR HOUSE HOTEL. <b>EXETER.</b> ROSEMOUNT HOTEL. <b>HARTLAND.</b> QUAY HOTEL. <b>HAYTOR, NEWTON ABBOT.</b> MOORLAND HOTEL. PINCHAPOD FARM. <b>HORNS CROSS (N. DEVON).</b> HOOPS INN. <b>KINGSWEAR (S. DEVON).</b> RIVERSEA PRIVATE HOTEL. Phone 32 Kingswear. <b>LEE.</b> LEE BAY HOTEL. <b>LIFTON.</b> THE ARUNDELL ARMS. <b>LYNTON.</b> ROYAL CASTLE HOTEL. <b>MODBURY (S. DEVON).</b> MODBURY INN HOTEL. <b>NORTH BOVEY</b> (near Moretonhampstead). MANOR HOUSE HOTEL. <b>NORTHAM—Westward Ho!</b> CLEVELANDS HOTEL. <b>PAIGNTON.</b> REDCLIFFE HOTEL. <b>SEATON (S. DEVON).</b> CHAPEAU TRIANON. <b>SHALDON (near Teignmouth).</b> THE ROUND HOUSE HOTEL. <b>SIDMOUTH.</b> FORTFIELD HOTEL. KNOWLE HOTEL, LTD. VICTORIA HOTEL. CEDAR SHADE HOTEL. <b>TORQUAY.</b> DEAN-PRIOR HOTEL, St. Marks Road. GRAND HOTEL. IMPERIAL HOTEL. LIVERMEAD HOUSE HOTEL. PALACE HOTEL. TORBAY HOTELS, LTD., TORBAY Road. <b>WOOLACOMBE BAY (N. DEVON).</b> WOOLACOMBE BAY HOTEL. <b>YELVERTON.</b> MOORLAND LINKS HOTEL.	<i>Continued—continued.</i> <b>BOURNEMOUTH.</b> BRANKSOME TOWER HOTEL. CANFORD CLIFFS HOTEL. CARLTON HOTEL. GRAND HOTEL. HIGHCLIFFE HOTEL. NORFOLK HOTEL. THE WHITE HERMITAGE (Pier Front). <b>BOURNEMOUTH (Sandbanks).</b> THE HAVEN HOTEL. <b>LIPHOOK.</b> ROYAL ANCHOR HOTEL. <b>LYNDHURST.</b> CROWN HOTEL. <b>NEW MILTON.</b> GRAND MARINE HOTEL. BARTON-ON-SEA. <b>ODIHAM.</b> GEORGE HOTEL. <b>SOUTHSEA.</b> SANDRINGHAM HOTEL. <b>STONEY CROSS</b> (near Lyndhurst). COMPTON ARMS HOTEL. <b>WINCHESTER.</b> ROYAL HOTEL.  <b>HEREFORDSHIRE</b> <b>HEREFORD.</b> HOP POLE HOTEL. <b>ROSS-ON-WYE (near).</b> MOUNT CRAIG HOTEL. <b>ROSS-ON-WYE.</b> ROYAL HOTEL.  <b>HERTFORDSHIRE</b> <b>BUSHEY.</b> BUSHEY HALL HOTEL. <b>LITTLE GADSDEN.</b> BRIDGWATER ARMS HOTEL. <b>ROYSTON.</b> BARNYS HOTEL. <b>WELWYN GARDEN CITY.</b> GUESSEN'S COURT HOTEL.  <b>HUNTINGDONSHIRE</b> <b>HUNTINGDON.</b> GEORGE HOTEL. <b>ST. IVES.</b> GOLDEN LION HOTEL.  <b>ISLE OF WIGHT</b> <b>SHANKLIN.</b> SHANKLIN TOWERS HOTEL.  <b>KENT</b> <b>CANTERBURY.</b> ABBOT'S BARTON HOTEL. <b>DOVER (St. Margaret's Bay).</b> THE GRANVILLE HOTEL. <b>FOLKESTONE.</b> BURLINGTON HOTEL. <b>HYTHE.</b> THE HOTEL IMPERIAL. <b>IGHAM.</b> TOWN HOUSE. <b>SEVENOAKS, RIVERHEAD.</b> THE AMHERST ARMS HOTEL. <b>TUNBRIDGE WELLS.</b> WELLINGTON HOTEL. <b>WESTERHAM.</b> KING'S ARMS HOTEL.	<b>NORTHAMPTONSHIRE</b> <b>FOTHERINGHAY.</b> MANOR FARM COUNTRY HOTEL. <b>KETTERING.</b> GEORGE HOTEL. <b>PETERBOROUGH.</b> ANGEL HOTEL. BULL HOTEL.  <b>NOTTINGHAMSHIRE</b> <b>MR. RETFORD.</b> BARNBY MOOR. YE OLDE BELL HOTEL.  <b>OXFORDSHIRE</b> <b>MINSTER LOVELL.</b> THE OLD SWAN. <b>OXFORD.</b> RANDOLPH HOTEL.  <b>SHROPSHIRE</b> <b>CHURCH STRETTON.</b> THE HOTEL.  <b>SOMERSET</b> <b>ALLENFORD, MINEHEAD.</b> HOLNICOTE HOUSE HOTEL. <b>BATH.</b> LANDSOWN GROVE HOTEL. LANDSOWN HOTEL. BROCKHAM END. <b>EXFORD (near Minehead).</b> CROWN HOTEL. <b>HOLFORD.</b> ALFOXTON PARK HOTEL (closed during the war). <b>ILMINSTER.</b> GEORGE HOTEL. <b>MINEHEAD.</b> BEACH HOTEL. HOTEL METROPOL. <b>TAUNTON.</b> CASTLE HOTEL.  <b>STAFFORDSHIRE</b> <b>ECCLESHALL (near).</b> BISHOPS OFFLEY MANOR, GUEST HOUSE. <b>UTTOKETER.</b> WHITE HART HOTEL.  <b>SUFFOLK</b> <b>ALDEBURGH-ON-SEA.</b> WHITE LION HOTEL. <b>BURY ST. EDMUNDS.</b> ANGEL HOTEL. <b>BARTON MILLS</b> (near Bury St. Edmunds). THE BULL INN. <b>FELIXSTOWE.</b> FELIX HOTEL. <b>SOUTHWOLD.</b> GRAND HOTEL.  <b>SURREY</b> <b>CHURT (near Farnham.)</b> FRESHAM POND HOTEL. <b>GODALMING.</b> THE LAKE HOTEL. <b>GUILDFORD (near).</b> NEWLANDS CORNER HOTEL. <b>HASLEMERE.</b> GEORGIAN HOTEL. <b>KINGSWOOD (WARREN).</b> KINGSWOOD PARK GUEST HOUSE. <b>PEASLAKE (near Guildford).</b> HURTWOOD HOTEL. <b>SANDERSTEAD.</b> SELSDON PARK HOTEL. <b>WEYBRIDGE.</b> OATLANDS PARK HOTEL. <b>PARK GATES HOTEL.</b> SOUTHDOWN HALL HOTEL.  <b>SUSSEX</b> <b>BRIGHTON.</b> NORFOLK HOTEL. OLD SHIP HOTEL. <b>BRIGHTON (SALTDEAN).</b> OCEAN HOTEL. <b>CROSS-IN-BRAND.</b> POSSINGWORTH PARK HOTEL. <b>CROWBOROUGH.</b> CREST HOTEL. Tel. 394. THE BEACON HOTEL. <b>EASTBOURNE.</b> ALEXANDRA HOTEL. BURLINGTON HOTEL. PARK GATES HOTEL. <b>HASTINGS.</b> QUEEN'S HOTEL.	<i>Continued—continued.</i> <b>HOVE.</b> NEW IMPERIAL HOTEL. PRINCE'S HOTEL. DUDLEY HOTEL. <b>KIRDFOUR, BILLINGSHURST.</b> FILLIAMS (GUEST HOUSE.) <b>LEWES.</b> WHITE HART HOTEL. <b>PETWORTH.</b> SWAN HOTEL. <b>ROTINGDEAN.</b> TUDOR CLOSE HOTEL. <b>ST. LEONARDS.</b> ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL. SUSSEX HOTEL. <b>WYCH CROSS (Forest Row).</b> THE ROEBUCK HOTEL.  <b>WARWICKSHIRE</b> <b>BIRMINGHAM.</b> NEW GRAND HOTEL.  <b>WESTMORLAND</b> <b>AMBLESIDE.</b> THE QUEEN'S HOTEL. <b>GRASMERE.</b> PRINCE OF WALES LAKE HOTEL. <b>WINDERMERE.</b> LANGDALE CHASE HOTEL. RIGG'S CROWN HOTEL.  <b>WILTSHIRE</b> <b>EAST EVERLEIGH, MARLBOROUGH.</b> THE CROWN HOTEL. <b>SALISBURY.</b> OLD GEORGE HOTEL. COUNTY HOTEL.  <b>WORCESTERSHIRE</b> <b>BROADWAY.</b> DORMY GUEST HOUSE. (Broadway Golf Club.) THE LYCON ARMS. <b>DROITWICH SPA.</b> RAVEN HOTEL.  <b>YORKSHIRE</b> <b>BOROUGHBRIDGE.</b> THREE ARROWS HOTEL. <b>CATTERICK BRIDGE.</b> THE BRIDGE HOUSE HOTEL. <b>ILKLEY.</b> THE MIDDLETON HOTEL. <b>LONDONDERRY.</b> NEWTON HOUSE HOTEL. <b>SCARBOROUGH.</b> ROYAL HOTEL. <b>SOUTH STANLEY</b> (near Harrogate). RED LION INN. <b>YORK.</b> YOUNG'S HOTEL, HIGH PETERGATE.	<i>Continued—continued.</i> <b>FIFESHIRE</b> <b>ST. ANDREWS.</b> THE GRAND HOTEL.  <b>INVERNESS-SHIRE</b> <b>CARRBRIDGE.</b> CARRBRIDGE HOTEL. <b>INVERNESS.</b> CALEDONIAN HOTEL. <b>ONICH.</b> CREAG-DHU HOTEL. <b>PORTREE.</b> PORTREE HOTEL.  <b>KINCARDINESHIRE</b> <b>BANCHORY.</b> TOR-NA-COILLE HOTEL.  <b>PERTSHIRE</b> <b>BLAIR ATHOLL.</b> ATHOLL ARMS HOTEL. <b>GLENDEVON (near Glencraig).</b> CASTLE HOTEL. Telephone: Muckhart 27. <b>PERTH.</b> WINDSOR RESTAURANT, 38, St. John Street.  <b>ROSS-SHIRE</b> <b>STRATHPEFFER.</b> SPA HOTEL.  <b>SUTHERLANDSHIRE</b> <b>LAIRG.</b> ALTAHARRA HOTEL. <b>SCOURIE.</b> HOTEL SCOURIE.  <b>WIGTOWNSHIRE</b> <b>STRANRAER.</b> AULD KING'S ARMS.  <b>WALES</b> <b>CAPEL CURIG.</b> TYN-Y-COED HOTEL. <b>DOLGELLEY.</b> GOLDEN LION ROYAL HOTEL. <b>LLANGOLLEN.</b> THE HAND HOTEL. <b>SAUNDERSFOOT, TENBY.</b> ST. BRIDES HOTEL.
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